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THE

P O E M S

OF

THOMAS WASHBOURNE, D.D.

EDITED WITH

Memorial-Introduction and Notes;

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

Fit be true—and few who really know the facts, will be found to dispute it—that many generations had to pass before either biographic justice or historic recognition, was rendered to the mighty and true men of The Commonwealth of England—who were as really as ‘of old’ the ‘Sword of God’ for stern and terrible work—equally must it be admitted, that names of kindred greatness and venerableness and trueness, on ‘the other side’, have partaken of the tarnish and the shame indelibly belonging to that sorrowful period of The Restoration of 1660. It is well that at this ‘later day’

..... ‘when Time hath furled
The skirts of mist, and to our vision cleared,
In luminous distinction, all unsphered,
The adverse circles of the Church and World’

the foremost Thinkers and Writers—irrespective of party—have come to recognize what of Brain-power and Heart-worth, were on either side: and to concede to each the usual mixture of lofty and

mean, pure and stained, single-eyed and self-seeking.

‘Puritan’—applied earlier and later—has long been emptied of its scorn and cleansed of its opprobrium: and, in turn, the generalization of ‘The Royalists’ no longer hides from us that there were within their ranks in State and Church, men, ay and women—if ‘lady’ were more honouring I should give it freely—of fine patriotism, and beautiful allegiance to conviction, and peerless integrity, and heroic self-sacrifice,

“Who dreamed of honour, and had heart to die
For their own brave and glorious dream.”

That they loved ‘not wisely’ but ‘too well’—that the objects of their splendid loyalty were falser and so baser, than ever heathen-knee bowed to—abates nothing of our homage, if it thrill to wonder and deepen our sorrow.

Of the many Families, all of the ‘ancient days’, who staked and lost uncomplainingly, ancestral wealth and position and ‘good name’ for the King if not ‘the Kingdom,’ that of the WASHBOURNES is of the foremost; and the oblivion that has hitherto fallen on the ‘Divine Poems’ of a scion of this renowned ‘stock,’ is largely to be explained by the shadow that lay broad and black over the ‘losing cause’ at the period in which the modest little

volume made its first shy appeal ‘to the ingenuous reader’.

When the right man appears to perform for ‘THE ROYALISTS’ something finer and deeper than the ‘State-Worthies’ of LLOYD—whether in the original slender folio or the more recent two duodecimos edited by Whitworth (1766)—or than even the ‘mighty line’ of CLARENDON: and surely it is not creditable that the meaner ‘LOYALISTS’ of America should have found adequate memorial from LORENZO SABINE, while England’s nobler and prouder names have only fragmentary record?—the WASHBOURNES will claim and reward fullest research and lovingest workmanship. There are living representatives of the Family who might be worse occupied than in preparing such a Memorial-volume of the name, as from year to year reach us from the United States concerning their mother-Country names and lineage. There are WASHBOURNES of repute in America, so that I am not without hope of home-neglect being atoned for by trans-Atlantic love and reverence.* Meanwhile, after all diligence and

*I may recal the scholarly and excellent Rev. Dr. E. A. Washburn, Rector of Calvary Church, New York: and the strong-brained member of Congress of the name. All the American Washburns spring from our Washbournes.

persistence of inquiry in likely quarters, the result is inconsiderable. But it is to be noted that if our Memoir be slight and brief, it is relatively large and substantive, inasmuch as the name will be looked for in vain in the usual biographic authorities; even the omniverous ANTHONY A-WOOD furnishes little more than a few College dates. He outlived THOMAS FULLER: and hence could find no place in his ‘Worthies’: but it is tantalizing to come on abounding notices of other WASHBURNES, and their innumerable inter-marriages, in the ‘County’ Histories of NASH and ATKYNNS and their compeers: and not a line on our ‘sweet singer’.

The Washburnes reach back—not by mere boastful tradition, but by extant ‘records’ and muniments—to before the Conqueror.

In his immortal ‘Britannia’—Camden thus eulogizes them: “Under these BREDON hills southward, you see two villages named WASHBURNES—whence came the surname to a very ancient and worshipfull Family in this tract.”: or as elsewhere “a very ancient and illustrious family in these parts”—* Similarly NASH observes “little

*English edition, 1610, p. 577: and Gough’s Camden, (3 vols. folio, 1789) Vol II, 353.

WASHBORNE, anciently WASSEBORNE..... It is sometimes called KNIGHT'S WASHBORNE from the knightly character of the WASHBORNES, who took their surnames from hence: for men generally have their names from towns and not towns from men": and further "of this family were Sir ROGER and Sir JOHN WASHBORNE before the reign of EDWARD III, as appears by a record which Mr. HABINGDON saw in the possession of Sir RICHARD ST GEORGE: in their coat-armour they quartered the arms of ZOUCH, CORBET, WYSHAM, WALSHE and BLOUNT: they bore likewise the arms of the earl of WARWICK's second son, perhaps only as kinsmen or clients to that mighty earl."*

It were easy to multiply heraldic 'boastings' of this type: and to tell of wise and brave, gentle and fair, scions of this preeminently 'blue blood' House: but those who are curious for such lore will not grudge to 'search' the folios of NASH and ATKYNS: and so I simply name the MUSARDS and POHERS (or POERS or POWERS) and STAPLES and SALWEYS and D'ABITOTS and THROMWINS, and other 'great ones', whose family-trees shew grafting, and planting and transplanting, through many generations, and with change and interchange of

*NASH's 'Worcestershire' (2 vols. folio) Vol II, 263, *seqq.*

many a ‘fair Estate’ with the WASHBOURNES ; and conversely—emerging later in the FOLEYS (of RICHARD BAXTER’s ‘ Relique ’) and the WINNINGTONS of Stanford Court—so admirably represented in the present cultured ‘ lord of the manor.’—*

It would seem that that the WASHBOURNES have all sprung from WORCESTERSHIRE and GLOUCESTERSHIRE. “They married” according to CAMDEN “in the 15th century into the family of POHER at WICHENFORD in this county [of Worcestershire] to which they removed.”† NASH says “WICHENFORD COURT came about the time of Henry IV to NORMAN WASHBORNE” ‡

‘To this day’ the Estates of the WASHBOURNES remain, to attest the former renown and splendour of the Family. With WYCHENFORD for centre, and a circumference stretching into neighbouring counties, you have in them fine old Mansions, moated and parked, and presenting every variety of sylvan

*See NASH, as *supra* and ATKYN’S ‘Gloucestershire’ [folio 1712 : 2nd edit.].....

†As before, edn. by GOUGH, Vol II. 369. The removal was not very distant, as while Great Washbourne is in the border of Gloucestershire, Little Washbourne is in Worcestershire.

‡As before, Vol II. 458.

and meadow beauty, and all lustrous with ancient memories. Now however the Estates are divided and subdivided and portioned. The chancels of the Churches of WYCHENFORD and STANFORD, and all round, have marbles and brasses bearing names and arms of WASHBOURNES. Our 'Worthy' was son—if I do not misread the somewhat intricate roll of WASHBOURNES—of the JOHN WASHBOURNE of the following tablet-inscription which is still to be seen in WYCHENFORD CHURCH :

'This monument is erected by JOHN WASHBOURNE Esq., in pious memory of his Father, ANTHONY WASHBOURNE Esq., as also of himself and his two wives : the first, Mary, daughter of Frances Savago, of Elmley Castle Esq. : the second, ELENOR, daughter of RICHARD LYGON, of MADRESFIELD Esq., descended from one of the co-heiresses of the LORD BEAUCHAMP of Powyick, the said John Washbourne being at the time of this inscription of the age of 84 years.' *

'The time' here referred to is given by NASH as

*I am indebted to the present Incumbent for these inscriptions.—There follows above 'Restored A. D. 1863, by WILLIAM MONEY KYRLE, Esq., of HOMME HOUSE, Herefordshire, great-great grandson of ELIZABETH WASHBORNE of WYCHENFORD who was married to FRANCIS MONEY, Esq. A. D. 1723.'—

‘1632’*: and of this ‘John’ Mr. HABINGDON—a contemporary—attests, he was ‘the best continual house-keeper and the best beloved gentleman in this county.’† His mother must have been the second Mrs. JOHN WAHSBOURNE, viz., ‘ELENOR’ of MADRESFIELD. He was born at WYCHENFORD COURT in 1606.‡ He had probably brothers and sisters by both marriages. An elder half-brother died while he was in his 10th year as this other WYCHENFORD-tablet tells:

‘In memory of JOHN WASHBOURNE Esq., grandson of Anthony Washbourne Esq. (and also of his wife and children) who departed this life 25th Septr. 1615, aged 48.’§

*As before, pp. 458-60.

†Ibid.

‡The Wychenford ‘Registers’ only reach back to 1690: so that there is no way of arriving at the birth-date except through the death-date 1687, when he was aged 80: which takes us back to 1606-7.....

§There follows here, as in the other, ‘Restored A. D. 1863 by WILLIAM MONEY KYRLE, Esq., of Homme House, Herefordshire,—It seems proper to state that this gentleman who has shewn such respect to these memorials of his Family, possesses an original portrait of Dr. Thomas Washbourne, who holds in his hand a copy of his ‘Divine Poems.’—It is to be hoped that Mr. Kyrle will cause this portrait to be engraved worthily.

Thus well-born, there can be no doubt Master THOMAS would have all the advantages of his position, at home and in his education. I like to think of him drawing his after, fine, Royalism from the lips of his chivalrous Father and venerable Grandfather, the ‘good’ Anthony. The Hunt with the ‘goshawk’ was not gone out: neither, many of the stately old ways of the ‘time of Queen Bess’ when he was a boy: and he could not fail to partake of the elder inspiration. His loyalty to the Throne was hereditary. But there were mutterings of the coming ‘contendings’ and changes when he first ‘gan see the light. Two representative men were born as he was leaving his ‘nurse’s arms’, to wit, JOHN MILTON and THOMAS FULLER—both in 1608.

I cannot determine the public ‘School’ to which Master WASHBOURNE went: but from its convenience to his home, and the fame of its master—HENRY BRIGHT—we shall not err perhaps in assuming that it was the ‘Free School’ of WORCESTER. Thither went SAMUEL BUTLER, and JOHN TRAPP—the rich and quaint Commentator on all the Bible,—and keen-thinking ROBERT HARRIS, the Puritan, and FRANCIS POTTER and ROGER MANWARING.*—

*For fuller details of this celebrated ‘School’ see my

He passed from School to OXFORD. His College was 'Baliol'. These dates from the FASTI give his progress :

Batchelor of Arts: Feb. 13th: 1625.

Master of Arts: June 25th: 1628.

Batchelor of Divinity: April 1st: 1636.*

These bring us to 1636.—How long he was resident in Oxford does not appear. In 1640 he is entered by Bigland † as Rector of DUMBLETON in Gloucestershire, which 'living' he held through 'good and evil report' for life; but not without those trials—it may be, undistinguishing ill-usage—that fell upon those who ranged themselves for the King rather than the Nation.‡

The Church of DUMBLETON has a venerable and

Memoir of JOHN TRAPP, prefixed to recent reprint of his 'Commentary' 5 vols. royal 8vo. (Dickenson, London.) pp VIII-IX.

*Wood's 'Fasti' (by Bliss) i. 422, 439, 489.....

† "Collections" for 'Gloucestershire' Vol i. pp 501: Atkyns, as before, leaves the date unfilled.

‡Walker in his 'Sufferings' (2nd part, p 33) blunders as usual with him. (1) He dates the presentation to Dumbleton at the Restoration in 1660 instead of 1640: (2) He assumes his 'predecessor' in the 'Prebend' to have 'suffered', whereas he 'resigned' apparently by 'arrangement' with W. himself: one of many devices to multiply his 'Sufferers'—

interesting Story: but I do not know that under its richest marbles and proudest-inscribed brasses, there lies more precious dust than that of the ‘Ejected’ pastor of Evesham—saintly GEORGE HOPKINS: and knowing that WASHBOURNE was at the time its Rector, it is pleasant to read that this good man on retiring from Evesham—as leal to conscience,—and residing at DUMBLETON, “constantly frequented the parish-church and public prayers and holidays.”*

Preferment followed on DUMBLETON: but as it would seem stealthily. He was ‘presented’ to a ‘Prebendary-ship’ in GLOUCESTER Cathedral, in 1643. RUDGE thus narrates the appointment:—“THOMAS WASHBOURNE, A. M. was nominated to succeed GILBERT OSBORNE in 1643, who resigned. He was again presented in 1660 having been, as it is supposed, kept out of possession, till that time. There is a tradition that when he first obtained a grant of this Prebend from King CHARLES I, he was forced to be installed into it in the night, and not let it be known he had been at GLOUCESTER;

*Atkyns, as before, 213; cf. CALAMY and PALMER. Dumbleton in 1650 was sold by Parliament but reverted to its original owners at the Restoration. Cf. Atkyns, *as before*.

which looks as if there had been some private treaty between him and OSBORNE: and that to prevent all dispute of his title, he took out a new presentation at the Restoration: and became regularly installed.”*

Besides his Prebend, Dr. WASHBOURNE—created ‘D.D.’ on August 16th, 1660, “ by virtue of the chancellor’s letters, which say that he is a learned, pious and orthodox person ”—†was Vicar of St. MARY de LODE, the Mother-church in GLOUCESTER, from 1660 to 1668.‡

These are the outward Facts of our Worthy’s Life—save that he married—date unknown—a daughter of the famous Dean FELL, by whom he had a large family.§ He died on 6th May, 1687, aged 80: and sorrowing reverence and love placed this memorial (a brass) in the Lady-Chapel, Cathedral of Gloucester:—

*History and Antiquities of Gloucester....By Thomas Rudge, B.D., *s. v.* (8vo.)

†Wood’s Fasti, II. 241.

‡Dr. Washbourn of Gloucester: letter to me, March 31st, 1868.

§See allusions to his father-in-law and wife and children in letter to Sanderson given onward.

[ARMS]

Charissimis (necnon fraternalis) immiscet cineres
(Eheu!)

Theologus verè Christianus verè Primitivus
Thomas Washbourne S.T.P Eccl. Cath. Glouc.
per annos 44 Prebendarius.

Suum hoc humili titulo inscribens monumentum
'Primus peccatorum, Minimus Ministrorum Dei ;
Plenus dierum, liberorum, curarum,
Non ita (semper enim calcavit) Divitiarum
Anno salutis 1687 aetatis 80
Spiritum in manus Creatoris tradidit
Gloriosam in Christo expectans resurrectionam
ob : 6° Maij.

One's eyes fill over the modest, abasing 'Chief of sinners' 'Least of Ministers' thus charged to be inscribed on his Tablet.*

*Fosbrooke in his 'History of the City of Gloucester' (folio, 1819) gives above, but not accurately. He also gives with like inaccuracy, another which marks the grave of a younger brother of our Washbourne. It may find a place here :

[ARMS.]

Sacrum Memoriae
Viri admodum Reverendi
Gulielmi Washbourne Art. M.
Eccl. Cath. Glouc. dignissimi Prebendarii :

Throughout it is assumed that our WASHBOURNE—in common with his family—adhered to the King in the great crisis of events. The heir of WYCHENFORD was JOHN WASHBOURNE, son of the JOHN who died in 1615 : and he appears in the list of the gentlemen taken prisoners by the Parliamentary forces and who were obliged to compound.* He fought at the Battle of WORCESTER, and took with him every man who could shoulder a musket : and the Historian adds “A great part of his estate was spent in the cause of his King, and he compounded with the Parliament for the

Coll. Orielensis, Oxon. socii et ornamenti
 Qui post vitam summa cum animi
 erga
 Deum pietate Ecclesiam Anglicanum
 Fidemque Catholicam constantiâ
 Amicos Fidelitate
 Egenos minime mendicantes charitato
 Omnes candore transactam
 Precibus magis quam morbis laborans
 Genibus flexis Deo spiritum emisit
 Ætatis 60
 Novemb. 28^o anno
 Salutis 1675

*Nash, as before, p. c.vi : Appendix Vol. II.

remainder.”*

The ‘Divine Poems’ reveal that Dr. THOMAS WASHBOURNE was out-and-out a Royalist and a Churchman. His was the fine loyalty to principle that transfigured the monarch with its radiance, and made sacred the man in the King. He was none of your hungry, greedy, self-seeking abjects, who crawled to the foot of the Throne on the Restoration: and ‘magnified’ their own deserts at the cost of truer if less loud men.

I know scarcely anything more winsome—with its touches of arch playfulness—than the ‘Epistle Dedicatory’ to the King, of one of only two ‘Sermons’ that Dr. WASHBOURNE published. The ‘Sermon’ is in itself a somewhat thin and empty one: but the ‘Epistle’ is very valuable in the self-revelation of its shy, timid, meek Writer—as well as interpretative of his Royalism. Here it is:

“ To the High and Mighty Monarch, Charles the Second, By the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

Most Gracious Soveraign
That I assume the boldnesse to tender this Sermon

*Lyson’s ‘History of Gloucester’ *s. n.*

to your Sacred Maiesty, is not from any the least thought I had that it could be worthy Your reading, who daily hear the best that the best Learned of your Clergy preach in your Royal Chapel; but being preach'd upon that Day which is now made Yours, because Your Maiesty on that Day was made Ours, first, by Your Birth; and then, by Your happy Return to Your People; and being now printed at the importunity of some of Your Maiesty's Loyal Subjects that were my auditors, as also by the approbation of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Glocester, my worthy and much honored Diocesan; I humbly offer it at Your Majesty's feet, hoping with it to gain the favour of kissing Your Maiesty's Hands, a favour which you have not denied (such is Your Benignity and Condescension) to your meanest Subjects, though I have not yet been so happy as to obtain it. Not that I wanted a heart ready with the foremost to wait upon Your Maiesty, and bid you welcome home; nor that I wanted the like desires and affections, perhaps with other men, (for who is totally free from them) to reap some particular benefit in the first-fruits of the Churche's Harvest, which till Your coming lay (as it were) fallow, for many years yielding no encrease to the true Proprietary. But as *Imperante Augusto natus est*

Christus, Christ was born in the Reign of Augustus; so *Imperante Carolo renata esse Ecclesia Christi*, this poor Church of Christ in England is new born, or rather raised from the dead, in the beginning of Your Majesty's Reign, as if you were resolved to make good to us St. Paul's wish to the Corinthians, Not to reign alone unlesse we also might reign with you, and share in Your Triumphs as we had done in Your Sufferings. Some such thoughts, I say again, I might be tickled with; 'for tis true, which that learned Knight Sir Robert Cotton hath observed in the life of Your predecessor Henry the 3d, That in every shift of Princes, there is none (either in Church or State) so mean or modest, that pleaseth not himself with some probable object of preferment. But, Sir, so wonderful, and beyond all expectation, was Your Restoration to Your Kingdoms, that it struck me with astonishment, and I became like unto them that dream. Great joy as well as great grief, over-whelme the spirits, as we read of the Patriarch Jacob. And in this Deliquium or fainting fit I lay, whiles all sorts crowded to see Your Maiesty; and most of my Profession, (which had not bowed their knees to Baal, nor medled with them that were given to change, but feared God and the King, and suffered

with and for Your Majesty, and Your Royal Father of blessed memory) had preferments answerable to their merits, before I had the opportunity onely of beholding Your Majesty's face; and even then I stood like Phaeton at his father's Court at an humble distance admiring his glories.

Consistitque procul: neque enim propriora ferebat Lumina.

My weak sight was satisfied with the reflex beams of Your Majesty afar off, which at a nearer approach, and in a direct line, would have dazled, if not blinded my eyes. In this reverential posture I continued a good while saying within myself as Mephibosheth to David, Let them take all, forasmuch as my Lord the King is come again in peace unto his own house. It will be honor and preferment enough for me, if I may be but owned by Your Majesty for

Your Majesty's most humbly devoted
and most obedient Subject,

Thomas Washbourn.

In accord with the 'Epistle' are the sentiments of the 'Sermon': as may be illustrated by a few extracts. I cannot withhold these in justice to their author: nor do I think it worth while tra-

versing them, albeit it were not hard to do. The Sermon is based on Isaiah LVIII. 12. “And they that shall be of thee shall build up the old waste places: thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called, the Repairer of the Breach, the Restorer of paths to dwell in.” It is called ‘The Repairer of the Breach.’*

Passing over the plan and details of the Discourse

*The following is the title-page in full:

THE
REPAIRER
OF THE
BREACH;
A
SERMON

Preached at the Cathedral Church of
Glocester, May 29, 1661. being
the Anniversary of his Maiesty's
Birth-day, and happy Entrance
into His Emperial City of
London.

By Thomas Washbourn, D. D.
London,

Printed for William Leak, at the sign of the
Crown in Fleet-street, between the two
Temple-gates. 1661. [4°]

I cull these ‘opinions’ and utterances of feeling :—

“ It was well said by our late King of glorious memory, to his Son our gracious Sovereign that now reigns, whom God preserve long among us : I had rather you should be Charles le Bon, than le Grand, good than great.

We are born alike, being hew’d all out of the same Rock, our father Adam : ’tis only virtue and noble actions that distinguish and set above the vulgar.” Again :—

“ O what breaches were made in this building even breach upon breach. Job xvi. 14.

Here were the living stones broken, heart-broken, the principal Pillars thrown down ? Able, painful and piteous Pastors and Preachers (such as Dr. Featly that Malleus Hereticorum, and many others of the Clergy besides the Reverend Fathers of the Church the Bishops, (of whom the world was not worthy) cast out of their places and livings upon false suggestions and informations, or, if true, deserving rather encouragement and protection than imprisonment and ejection.

Sequestred and cast out they were, not for any thing really scandalous, but for being so conscientious, that they would not take new Oaths & Covenants contrary to those they had formerly and lawfully taken—and upon the same score would

have suffered death (as some did) rather than run with the tide of the times against the known Lawes of God & Man." Once more :

"Barclay in his *Icon Animorum* writing of the several sects of Religion which he had observed in England in King James his reign, tells a story of a father and his two sons who constituted or made up a Church between themselves, but these three not long agreeing, the two Sons excommunicated the Father, and at last one son the other. So that these three made three distinct Churches in their conceipts, and each one the true. What would he have said, had he lived to see the many factions and fractions, Divisions and Subdivisions which have spawned since amongst us; our Church being well likened by the last Arch-bishop of Canterbury, in his Speech at his death, to an Oak cleft to shivers with wedges made out of its own body and by every cleft prophanenesse and irreligion entering in." Further:

"What better could be expected when the Prophet's two staffes were once broken : the staffe of Beauty and the staffe of Bands ; Veritas Evangelica, & Unitas Christiana, the true doctrine & uniform Discipline of the Church. When these I say were broken to pieces, behold an inundation of Sects and Heresies like a second Deluge overflowed the whole Land : they came croaking about

us like the Frogs of Egypt, and swarming like the Locusts out of the bottomles pit.” Again :

“ And blessed be God that put it into the King’s heart to take care that all Bishops, Deans and Chapters, should out of their Impropriation, augment the Small Vicaridges belonging to them in such a reasonable proportion as the Tythes will well bear. And ’tis hoped that this will be a leading Card to invite and draw on those of the Nobility & Gentry to do the like as some of them have done already, to their honour be it spoken, and therein have prevented His Majesty’s desires in that kind, and began in us ; I could name some of them, but that I think they are sufficiently well known to the world.” Again :

“ And to fill up the measure of our ruin, a breach upon the Head Stone of the building, the chief stake in our hedge was cut off, & most barbourously murdered before his own Royal gate, a most inhuman unparallel’d Parricide, Regicide, I had almost said Deicide, and if I had, it might admit of a sober sence, for Kings are earth-Deities, God’s pictures in a lesser form or model, and God Himself hath honoured them with His own Name, I have said Ye are gods. Psal. lxxxii. 6.” Finally :—

“ And when he fell all fell with him. Ever

since we have been a Tohu and Bohu, rudis indigestaque moles, a meer Chaos of confusion, a second Babel, or like a Tennis ball tost from hand to hand, a reproach to our neighbours, a scorn and derision to all that were round about us."

His other printed 'Sermon'—of which the full title-page and short Epistle to the Reader will be found below*—is of a more private kind, having

*A
SERMON
PREACHED AT THE
Funeral
of
CHARLES COCKS. ESQ.
One of the Masters of the
Chancery
And of the Honourable Society of the
Middle Temple.
By Tho. Washbourne M. A.
London
Printed for Henry Twyford and John Place, and are to be
sold at the Middle Temple, and Furnivals Inn Gate.
1655. [4o]
TO THE READER.

This Sermon, being the immature production of three days conception at most, I could not think worthy the public view, for like Hezekiah's children, when it came to the birth, there wanted strength to bring forth, and

been preached at the Funeral of a member of the Cocks Family to whom,—as they were owners of the ‘living’ of DUMBLETON,—he probably owed his first ecclesiastical charge. It is by no means an extraordinary, is sooth to say, a very ordinary ‘Sermon’. I have gleaned a few short specimens to give an idea of its style. The Text is Psalm xc. 9-10. First of all take this:—

“Behold saith he to God, thou hast made my days as an hand breadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee: as an hand breadth or as a span long (according to the vulgar translation): you may observe in a span, when all the fingers are extended to the full length, there is but one finger between the thumb and the middle finger which is the

therefore I should have buried it as an Abortive in the Grave with him, for whose sake it was first formed. But since I hear it hath been subject to misconstruction, and an ill character put upon it by some, that have reported it to be rather a kind of Invective against the party deceased, than a proper Funerall Sermon upon him, I held myself engaged to this publication, as the fittest means for my vindication, that so all, who knew him living, may judge whether I have wronged him dead, to whose just censure I submit myself, and rest

Thy servant in Christ

Tho. Washbourne.

longest, and but one again between the middle and the little finger which is the shortest, so in the span of a man's life there is but as it were a finger between child-hood and man-hood. Adolescentia, youth, brings you from the one to the other, and then you are at the middle finger, at the highest: from thence you decline strait, and there is but another finger between that and death, Senectus, old age, that drops you into the grave, and so I drop into my second part." Again:—

"Nor the clouds return after the rain, i. e. ere calamities gather like clouds, and fall one upon the neck of another, or there be a defluxion of rheume and fleyme upon the lungs and stomach as is usually in old age.

When the keepers of the house shall tremble, i. e. the hands be paraliticall.

The strong men bow themselves, i. e. the legs not able to support the body.

The Grinders cease, because they are few, i. e. the teeth fall out or fail to do their office in chewing of meat.

And those that look out of the windows be darkned, i. e. the eyes grow dim or quite loose their sight. And the dores shall be shut in the streets, i. e. either the lips closed, and the man speechless,

or the smelling gone; by the streets, perhaps meaning the nostrils, and by the dores the holes in the spungy bone, into which the odours are received; when the sound of the grinding is low, i. e. the Jaws so weak, and the Teeth so few and bad, that a man cannot be heard to chew his meat. Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, i. e. the Liver next the Heart, which is the Fountain of life, will then hold no blood, as a broken Pitcher holds no water." Once more :

"Thus we have seen a man full of years and wealth, soon cut off, and his better part is flown away; he now rests from his labours and sorrows, and his works follow him. These I am to tell you of particularly : he hath by his Will given ten pounds to the poor of this Parish, ten pounds to Bishops Cleere, (the place of his birth) five pounds to Evesham, five to Tewksbury, five in Winchcombe, five to Parshore, five to Ash Lench, five to Bromsgrove, five to King's Norton, five to Langley near Colebrook. Besides an hundred pounds which he gave to a Library in the Temple (of which Society he had been long a member;) and forty pounds per annum to two Lawyers, there to hear and accord causes and differences between parties that sue in forma pauperis. I could wish some more of this kind had gone before him, and

that in such pious and well intended acts he had been his own Executour." Finally

" He was one that spent his years like a tale that is told, or in the phrase of the seventy; meditatated *ωσειαροχίν* like the Spider, had his webs too, and his thoughts busyed much (if not over much) in increasing that which is now no more his, and lading himself with thick clay in the Prophet's expression, yet I trust without a woe to himself, for I hear not of any Widows or Orphan tears and complaints to bedew or soil his hearse."

Behind these published declarations of his 'opinions', and avowals of allegiance to the King, there was no little private struggle in seeking to know the 'path of duty' in those 'perilous times.' Unconscious of who it is he is revealing at this 'later day', the present Bishop of Chester [Dr. Jacobson] in his edition—a very admirable one—of the Works of Bishop SANDERSON, has presented from the original MSS, a note-worthy exchange of letters between the Bishop—then Rector of BOOTHBY PAYNELL, Lincolnshire—and Dr. WASHBOURNE. I gratefully transfer the 'Letter' of Washbourne *in extenso*. For SANDERSON's elaborate and anxious 'Reply' I must refer to

his Works.*

Dr. Jacobson thus introduces his important Paper.† “One of the MSS. given by Bishop Barlow to the Library of Queen’s College, U. 16. b. p 90, contains a memorandum that this Case of the Engagement was drawn up in answer to inquiries from ‘T. Washbourne, Presbyter in Gloucestershire.’”

“The Letter containing Mr. Washbourne’s inquiries, to which reference is expressly made in the opening of the case, pp 20, 21, is here given from papers preserved in Lincoln College. And the entire Case is exhibited, in a more genuine and complete form than has ever appeared before, from the original in Sanderson’s own handwriting which is in the possession of that Society. Sanderson, it will be observed, speaks of this as the only perfect copy he had, p 35 below”—

Now follows the Letter of Washbourne dated from Dumbleton :—

*The Works of Robert Sanderson, D. D., sometime Bishop of Lincoln. Now First Collected. By William Jacobson, D.D. 6 Vols. 8vo. 1854.

†Vol. v. pp 16-19: the ‘Case’ itself is Sanderson’s ‘Answer’ pp 20-36.

Sir,

Think it not strange that this Paper salutes you from a strange hand; for though my name perhaps be unknown to you, yet cannot you be unknown to me, being deservedly honoured by all the remaining honest part of the Clergy of England, for your learning and integrity, which shines bright to them even in these dark times. I heartily wish both the Church and University might have enjoyed the benefit of your studies in the public exercise of that eminent place to which you were called: but seeing the iniquity of the times deprive us of that happiness, I hope and am confident you will not deny me your private opinion, which I humbly and earnestly entreat in a Case of Conscience, not to ensnare you, but to resolve myself. Had my wife's father, Dr. Fell, late Dean of Christ Church, and your friend, been now alive, I should have made him my pilot in this storm. But since God has taken him away, I desire you would supply the place of a father in your counsel. And although it be not safe pinning one's faith on another's sleeve in points of Religion, yet in doubtful Cases, where arguments on both side stand slike rocks to splitu pon, I had rather sail by your compass than mine own, and look, what you conclude lawful or unlawful, I shall submit

unto and acquiesce in as an Oracle.

The occasion moving me thus to trouble you is this. I am now required to subscribe the New Engagement: the penalty of refusing may prove the loss of my Church Living, which is the main subsistence of my family, a wife and five or* six small children. But I thank God I have learned not to put the world in the one scale, when my soul is in the other; or, if I weigh them in the same balance, I know which should preponderate. As therefore I would not be flattered into a conceit that I may safely, without making shipwreck of a good conscience, take the Engagement, which many do who are more learned, and would be thought as conscientious as the best, so would I not precipitately ruin myself in my temporal Estate by an over-preciseness in refusing what is not repugnant to the Rule of Faith, by which every Christian, and especially a Minister of Christ, ought to steer his course. Give me leave then to propose the most common Arguments urged for the subscription; and the solution of them I assure myself you will easily and speedily return me by this bearer.

*The 'or' seems odd: perhaps the 'sixth' baby was a prospective gift. G.

1. That it is only a Promise, not an Oath, and consequently not so obliging the Conscience, but only *pro tempore*, whilst the State stands in force ; and that when the lawful Heir to the Crown shall come in place, it is void, &c.
2. That it is but a Civil Engagement, requiring no more than a passive obedience to the present Power, which I cannot resist, and therefore must submit to it.
3. That it is but just to promise fidelity, though to an unjust Power, under whom I live and from whom I have protection.
4. That it is the constant and avowed practice in frontier towns for the inhabitants to take an Oath to be true to that party which possesseth the place ; and as soon as that party is ejected, they are freed from the Oath, and swear to be faithful to the contrary party.
5. That the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance (for the Covenant I never took) bind not to impossibilities ; and since the Government is altered against my will, as I am not able, so I am not obliged to defend the King's person and authority, &c.
6. That the present Power, though usurped, is the only Power extant, and we must be subject to that or none. And how can it be sin to promise

what I cannot choose but perform, viz., to be true and faithful to the Parliament, &c.? for had I the will to betray or oppose them, I want the ability.

7. That by not subscribing I become a prey to them, and thereby am made utterly unable, in a civil capacity, to serve the rightful Prince, if he should come in place to demand my assistance.

8. That the King, both before and since his coming into Scotland, hath (if strong report of some may be credited, who stick not to say they have it from his own mouth) given leave to his subjects rather to subscribe than suffer the loss of their estates.

In your Resolution, I crave not only an answer to these few, and it may be, frivolous Objections to your sound and more discerning judgment, but to any other of weight and consequence which you can think upon for my further satisfaction. So doing, you will engage me to subscribe myself, Sir,

Your true and faithful friend
and servant in Christ,
Tho. Washbourne.

Dombleton in Gloucestershire,

Jan. the 7th [1650.]

Let me trouble you with this one Query more.
Whether, upon supposition that the words of the

Engagement may bear a double construction I may take it in my own sense or in the Imposer's ? and whether I ought to ask his interpretation before I subscribe ? I add this at the request of a friend who desires to be satisfied in this point.

To my very worthy and much esteemed friend Dr. Sanderson, Rector of Boothby Paynell, near Grantham in Lincolnshire, present these "

Dr. WASHBOURNE must have felt that he could remain at Dumbleton. However he did so, there can be no question that it was with the approval of his conscience.

Incidentally in the Funeral-Sermon for COCKS, he lets us know that the 'troubles' of the period saddened and perplexed him. Quoting a familiar incident in the life of ORIGEN, who instead of 'preaching' from a certain text, closed the book and 'wept', he continues : " Such a comment, would suit as well with my text, if with my book I also shut my mouth and discoursed on it onely with mine eyes : certainly my tears would prove the more powerfull though the more silent oratours—

Interdum lachrymæ pondera vocis habent"

The words are typical of the whole man. A shadow lay across his life : a soft, tender

melancholy touched his ‘spirit’. Fallen on ‘evil days’ he shrank from, not faced or wrestled with, difficulty. He was stronger on his knees than on his feet. It was meet that it should be so : for

..... ‘Times so dire
Bent knees not lifted arms require’

He was superbly true to ‘the King’ as he ‘feared God’. That he was penetrative enough to discern the sham-loyalty of many of his associates his ‘Epistle Dedicatory’ (*ante*) shews : none the less did he abide faithful. And yet you do not come on him among the ‘intriguers’ of the Palace : you do not find even the ‘gossip’ of the day bandying his name : you do not hear his voice in the clash and clangour of ecclesiastico-politico Controversy : you look in vain for ‘Thomas Washbourne’ on any of the old venal, sycophantic pamphlets on ‘Divine Right’ of Kings to ‘govern wrong.’ He looks to me as fine a specimen of the class Royalist as you meet with.

“ Constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.”

It only remains to say of the ‘Divine Poems’ now happily reprinted—that while it were absurd to claim for them the highest inspiration of the

true ‘Makkar,’ the ineffable light of the poetic faculty, whereby the highest things are glorified—they yet deserve recognition and acceptance as a small but definite and actual addition to the treasury of England’s sacred verse. The careful and loving student will come on quaint touches, and tender-coloured fancies, and occasional melody of wording, and felicity of epithet, that remind of ‘The Silurist’ and place WASHBOURNE in a niche with the ‘singers’ of ‘The Temple’ and ‘The Synagogue.’

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

15 ST. ALBAN’S PLACE

BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



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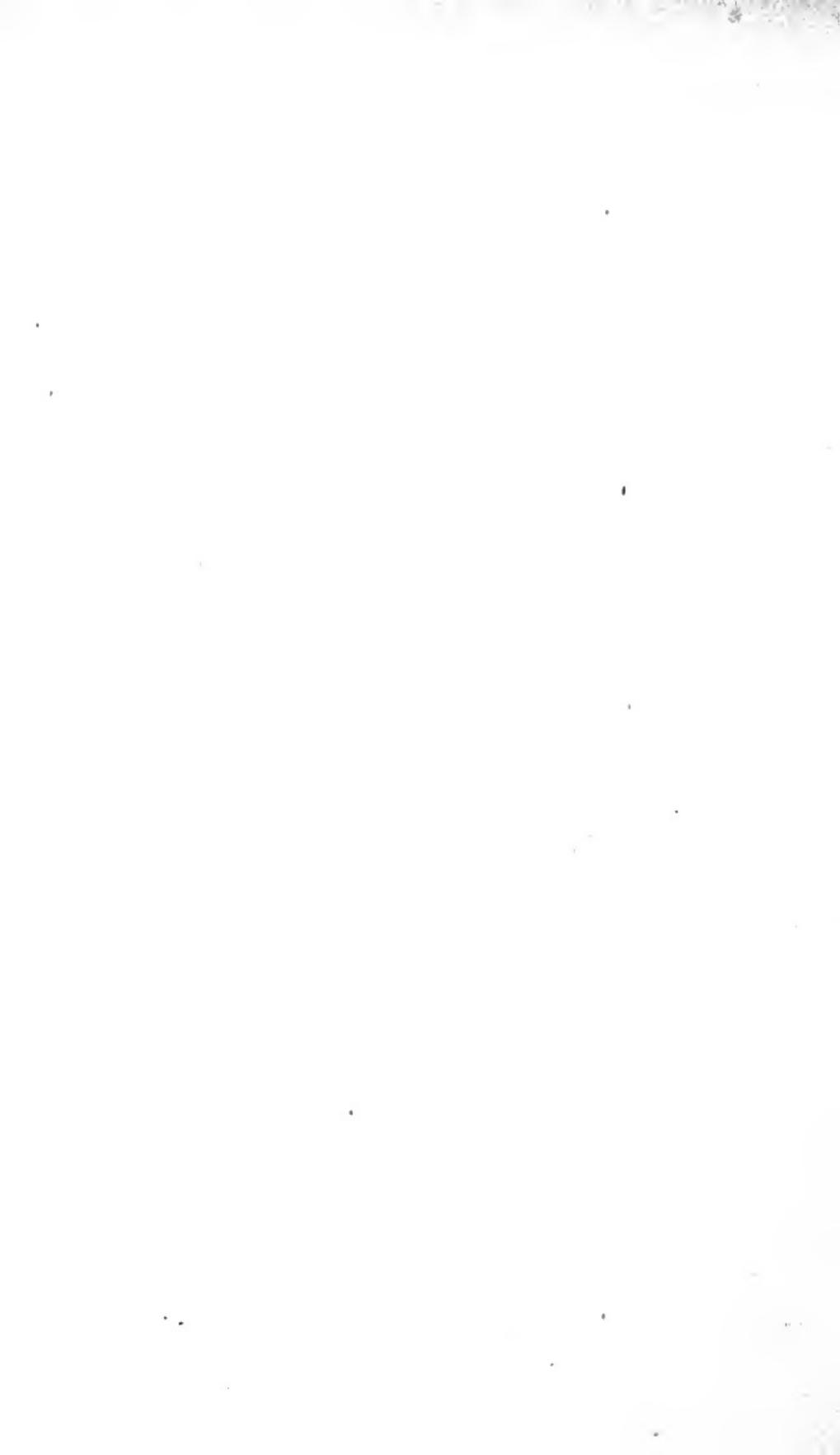
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TO THE READER.

Not any itching ambition to bee in print—though a very catching disease of the time—but a very zealous affection to be doing some good—though by weak meanes—hath inclined the Authour to the publication of these Papers, in hopes that the reading of them may make some pious impressions on thy soul, as the writing of them did in his. He is no pretender to extraordinary gifts of the Spirit, as too many are, who have very little, or no evidence to command or approve them to others, whatsoever high conceits they may have of themselves. Yet he is modestly confident that as these his Meditations now running in verse, streamed for the most part from the Sanctuary, the Fountain of the Sacred Scriptures, so in some measure they derive a tincture from those holy Waters; which though they may not relish well with the captious critick, or the sullen Cinnick, to

to whom they are not intended,—yet hee believes they will not displease the charitable and conscientious Christian. Presuming that thou art such, he is bold to present them to thy view in print, and thee to God, in prayer, desiring thee to esteem of him no otherwise then of thy servant in Christ,

TH. WASH[BOURNE].



NOTE.

The original title-page of these ‘Poems’ will be found below.* The collation is as follow: Title-page—To the Reader pp. 3—Prefixed ‘Testimonies’ &c., pp. 6—Poems pp. 141. G.

* DIVINE

POEMS

WRITTEN

BY

THOMAS WASHBOURNE,

Bachelour in Divinity.

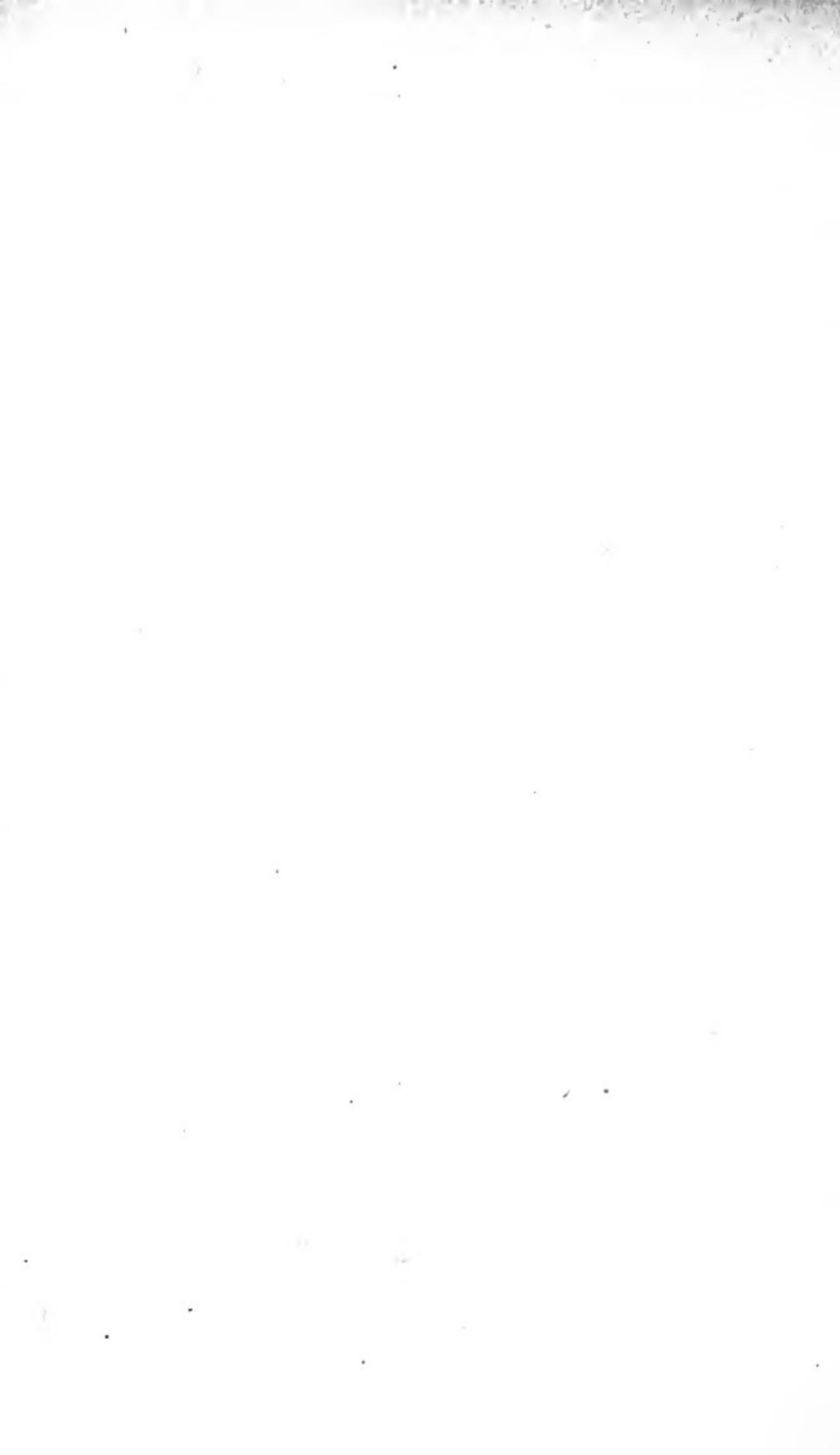
Omni tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

A Verse may find him, who a Sermon flyes,
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.

Herbert's Church Porch.

LONDON,

Printed for Humphrey Moseley, at
the Princes Arms in S. Paul's
Church-yard. 1654.





TESTIMONIES &c.
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
MY EVER HONOURED LADY,
THE LADY VERE.¹

MADAM,

SOME of these Papers coming to your view,
Receiv'd incouragement from you,
You first commended them unto the Press
And therefore I could do no less
Then give them these commands,
First that they kiss your hands,
Then at your Honour's feet let them fall low,
Confessing they their being to you owe.

1. For a full and singularly interesting memoir of this lady-Puritan see ANDERSON'S 'Memorable Women of Puritan Times,' p.p. 31-85, (2 vols., 1862.) She was the fast friend of good Dr. RICHARD SIBBES, who dedicated his "Bruised Reed" to her and her husband. It was to Lady Vere the Parliament entrusted the care of the Children of Charles I. She died on 25th December, 1671, in the 91st year of her age. Gurnall preached her funeral sermon. Cf. My Sibbes, vol. i. LXXIV., 35. G.

Nor is this all, but let them further say,
 I owe you more, and more would pay
 If I knew how ; yet 'tis my hopes you will
 Take this in part of the whole bill.

As patient creditors use
 Those debtors, who their dues
 Acknowledge, and by fair intreaty win
 A longer day to pay their money in.

TO HIS EVER HONOURED MOTHER,

THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

 ET Poets pray the gods their wit t' inspire,
 My holy flames are kindled by thy fire ;
 My Musedrinks at thy fountain, thou alone
 To me Parnassus art and Helicon ;
 And though that some would dam up all thy
 streams,
 And with their new lights put out thy old beams,
 Yet I shall pray, and hope Heaven will me hear,
 That thy Light still may shine, thy Spring run
 clear.

I tender thee this slender offering,
 Wishing that I a better had to bring ;
 But what it wants either of wit or art,
 To make it up, I here present my heart.

TO HIS LEARNED, PIOUS FRIEND
THE AUTHOUR.

MOST do but sin in verse, and pale sheets dress
Fitter to cloath their pittance then the
Press;

And all their vain, though most advancèd rimes,
Are but soft mischiefs and ingenuous crimes,
For to write well, where it is ill to write,
Is to transgress a poem, not indite.

Loose fancies frenzies are, and our fond layes
Require more wreaths of hellebore then bayes.
But from thy guided choice thy poem is,
Not thy distemper, but thy artifice.

Thy numbers are thy weal, yet not thy fit
This is not to impart, but hallow wit.

MARTIN LIEUELLIN M.D.¹

ON THE AUTHOR.

FHE Muses met to find a way (though late)
Their servants trespasses to expiate,
And make amends for the wit vainly spent,
On many an ungracious argument.
Urania said, I have a man of worth,
Whose verse is holy, he shall put it forth. C. B.

1. The odd-witted author of a small volume of rough-shod verse called 'Men Miracles' [1656.] G.



TO THE READER OF MY DEARLY LOVED,
BECAUSE TRULY PIOUS FRIEND,
MR. T. W's RELIGIOUS POEMS.

DRAW neer, but draw devoutly, for you may
Better keep hence, then come and be away ;
And yet approach still, though thy soul
brings none,
That it may carry hence devotion.
Expect, if thou be such, some loose sin here,
That so thou maist be caught at unaware :
So Heathens, when to Christian slaughter they
With Pagan hate flock'd only to annoy,
Did return Converts, and there learnt to do
What they saw done, hope, confess, and dye too.
He that came snake, and serpent, sting and hiss,
Did return man ; for there he left all these ;
He that did come, and but in part a man,
Went back a whole and intire Christian.
He that was got so far would still go on,

And by God's faith reach up to God's own Son ;
Serpent too much, and man to little : I¹
And Christian too : he would be saint and dye.

Bathe in these Sion streams, that ev'n thou here
May'st be a star, a sun i' th' upper sphere ;
This is the way to both, way and end, this
Wil infuse piety, and that assure blisse ;
This wil that serpent of thy heart unskin
And to thy false brow add a man within ;
Make thee love God, and man ; unlike him, who
'Cause he can't hit God, shoots his image through ;
This will first teach thee to escape his hel,
And then convey thee whence that Serpent fell.
Till thus thou lov'st and loath'st, it is not safe
To tel thee all the holinesse of each leafe.
For what to cock, is jewel, pearl, to sow ?
His chaffe, her husks, are pearl and jewel too.

Here is no chaffe nor husks : the Prodigal
May hither come, and find it good corn all ;
Come hither they who the vain poets prize
For their unsens'd verbal hyperbolies ;
Can they expresse beyond a heav'n ? Here
You have that only, and what came from there ;
Make they a god, and then by him rehearse ?
The God that made this man fils all his verse.

Does a fair virgin teach them to indite ?
Faith is his lady, by whose beams to write ;
Her and her God he loves, more then all they
Can by their false gods to their false lovers say.

Expect no fond¹ invokings : we confesse
There is no genius besides holinesse.
Were this left out, had he another theame
Child's straw and bubbles, would be all the gemme ;
How many, and none, compose and not compose ?
For without this 'tis neither rime nor prose ;
Read this man's storms, this man's fairer weather,
Compare them both to none, nor each to either ;
What get you ? but that you can only tell
This line's like that, a decaysyllable :
That he was knight ! he, gentleman ! their fire
Tun'd not to David's but Apollo's lyre ;
And that because there li's in neither even
What was in Johnson's² self, a close to heaven.

How many shillings have I thrown away,
To read in Monteigne³ his own prose-essay,
Mixt with some lay because but prophane song
Unspirited with firm religion.
When I read 'Finis' this is all I know

1. Foolish. G.

2. Can this be Ben Jonson (sometimes spelled Johnson.) ?

3. Montaigne. G.

Both are the same piece, author and work too ;
 His book's his self ; when that my hand does carry
 I grapse both Cæsar and his Commentary.
 Why did I give so much that I might look
 On a French picture, not worth a French cooke ?
 One *quelque chose*, and you have him : I could eat
 The author now, and sel him to buy meat.

Cartwright¹ is wit throughout, but I read o're
 More then his four playes, his last pious four ;
 And then his several gratitudes unto
 Him whose head taught him, and purse fed him
 too ;

Who gave him to buy books and gave him skil
 In each of them to chuse out well from ill ;
 The learned, pious, constant Dupper² : he
 Who was and is still, reverend in those three ;
 When these three, voice, and pen, and heart, cannot

1. William Cartwright a 'seraphical preacher' according to Anthony a-Wood : but author of various Tragedies and Comedies, before and after taking holy orders. The praises of him by contemporaries are prodigal to ludicrousness now. Even Ben Jonson said "My son Cartwright writes like a man." Does this point out the allusion *supra* to be to 'Ben'. G.

2. Brian Dupper Bishop of Chichester, and afterwards of Salisbury. He died in 1662, so that he might read these flattering if not fulsome lines. G.

—No not Cartwright's own—enough celebrate :
In these he kept Christ's law, lov'd God, and then
His next act was to pay his debt to men :
He did it here : for this one to him wou'd
Be universal, ev'ry neighbourhood
Though he out-sobers, out-words, out-wits all,
Grave Virgil, Horace nice, salt Martial.
Yet more then his—though unprofane—verse,
wou'd

Intrench¹ my sail in his diviner flood ;
Those sermons in which he did wind about
Our passions, more then Cicero could do't
In which he did out-sense deep Plutarch's skil,
And taught so wel almost all else taught ill,
Unlesse when's Father Dupper 'gan to preach
Who us to live, and taught him too, to teach.
Oh, for that text where he forbad to ly
And prest home truth, in unbound poetry !
Where David-like he did instil and charme
Us to be honest, though to our own harm
Charg'd truths upon us, such as do shine here
In this smal volume, scorn'd and damn'd elsewhere;
O, for his Passion-text, that we might buy
Th' inestimable picce at sixpence fee
That we that winepresse which at Edom was

¹ This word is imperfectly printed and may be 'In-drench.' G

And Christ's Church trod, might taste from a new
press !

And here we hav't i' th' dialogue between
Christ, angels, and apostles, of slain sin ;
Jesus is up again, He did not die,
He but lay downe that Death itself might lie.
I, who this book throughout love, adore here
As—though all Horace was to Scaliger
Precious and rich, yet above all the rest
He did affect¹ his Lydia dialogue best—
He who t'ave made that would give empire, though
A world he offer here, he bids too low ;
For as the whole is sacred, and each line
Though 'tis not God yet it is each divine ;
So here 'tis not apostle only who
Does speak, and angel, but 'tis Jesus too ;
What would that Learning's lover now impart
To speak with an apostle heart to heart ?
—For they did not converse, as some of late
With face of love but with a breast of hate—
What would his inquisition give to hear
An angel vocally round him i' th' care !
What would he ? nay, what would he not bestow ?
A world ! almost another Jesus too !
To hear his own Christ speake, who since sixteen
Last hundred years, was neither heard nor seen.

1. Choose=prefer. G.

This copy is the blessed Jesus : and
The rest do all as one John Baptist stand
Round about this : before, behind, each where
To make that way plain for the Lord t'appear.
This copy is the Word, and the rest are
The voice and echo of this character ;
This is the supreme heaven, without this
Is heaven too and what's in heaven, blisse.

But O when he does joyes of heaven tel
Chearefull, and without dread pains of hel ;
—Whither the Saviour Christ does convey some,
And whither the Judge Christ does others doome—
How does he with mixt artifice contrive
Either for fear or love, that all should live !

I dare not name all, lest I emulate
The bulk of his town, with my swelling gate.

APOSTROPHE TO THE AUTHOR.

You Sir, who study and sport too, this way
Whose spare hours heaven, and whose serious day ;
Whose two week-sermons are to others aim ;
Whose whole week-life is to that your own claim.
Who preach both waies, b 'example and by rule,
Whose life's a sermon, and whose house a school
Who your own self do, without lure, supply
With breath and patterne, this twin curacy ;
Who make each day the Lord's, whilst there are
some

Do grudge him one in seven ; who make your home
To be His pious house, while some there are
Who scarce allow Him His own House for prayer ;
You who do read, and meditate, and live
Scripture, and thereby midst of world's frowns
 thrive ;

You know, they who on Gospel's first word look
Learn from that first word, this is all the book.
They who proceed, and search on, find that this
Is only Scripture, all else writ amiss ;
They who make further yet, know there's not one
Word besides this : This is the Word alone.
And yet, though nothing else is book, but what
God Himself made, the man, not that he wrote ;
Though nothing else be Scripture, but pretence
Because if not the same with this, not sense ;
Though nothing else be Word, 'cause parrots may
Without this, talk to as good ends as we ;
Yet as those birds are said to come more near
To what we speak then other fowles o ' th ' air
Because they imitate our cadencies :
So we do more speak when w ' approach to thee.
Blest be the charity then, of your wise choice
Not to vex us with an unmatter'd noise ;
Since though in hundred sheets of paper, he
Has silent been, who does not edifie.
Since without this, though Stentor be our roare

He hath said lesse then th' mad bul or wild boar ;
 Since without this, each other book's a crime ;
 It robs my purse, and what's more dear, my time :

Blest be your guidance too, that t' all were giv'n,
 Both to discourse, and write, and print for heav'n ;

He that writes next, this is his praise or curse

He makes the reader if not better, worse.

But friend, you often aske why 'tis that I
 Preach to th' next ear, and not to th' distant eye ?
 Why 'tis that I, wh' have taskt myself a scheame
 In Learning's own behalf, forbear that theame,
 Pray ask no more ; how can you wish my heir
 Were come to'th birth, when there's no midwife
 near ?

Copy't once more, and tel the brave Lord N
 Be he Mecænas, and I wil write then.

Habes hœc, & manu subitanè, prope in-cogitanter effusa,
 quippe ab eo cujus nulla in instituto pars est. Tibi
 placere, (qui cum cœteris Dominantis fortunæ ludibriis
 et insultibus par es, undiquaque similis et Tibi constans;
 soli illius Approbanti Lenocinio irasceres, vir aliter Pa-
 catissimus) sed lectori tuo, voce invitatoriâ, prodesse ; ejus
 interest, non tui, quod Ferculœ hœc, e Promptuario tuo
 anatantia, ut sitiat ipse, Collando ; Unum hoc mihi (cujus
 ψυχῆς σῆμα, Facultatisquo qualis-cunque, aut quanulla
 cunque in animo est. Res Angusta Domi Tumulus secun-
 dus) satis est utrumque (quod est omne) punctum tulisti

Tu. Vale hic, sed e supra Internos Angelus ipse Tu, diu ;
Vale supra inter Affines Angelos tuos : semper sed Sero.

July 26, 1653. Gulielmus Towers, B. D.

ON THE DIVINE POEMS OF HIS FRIEND THE AUTHOR.

Some say a poet's born, not made ; but I
Say he's twice born that made this poesie.
Nature imparted little to his wit
'Twas grace which had the greatest hand in it ;
His pen came from the wing of th' holy Dove
Dropping no gall, but innocence and love ;
No scurrilous obscenity to make
It vendible, and with the rabble take ;
No tenter-stretch't conceits, no puff-paste strains
Which serve not to instruct but wrack men's brains ;
No such as their invention draw from wine
And reele into a verse : but all divine
Clear as the beams are of th' inlightned day
Smooth as the galaxy or milkie way,
Pure as Ezekiel's waters, which did glido
Forth of the Sanctuary on each side ;
Made not to please the pallat of the foule
And carnal man, but to revive the soul
That humbled is at night and same of sin ;
To cheer his spirits, comfort him within ;

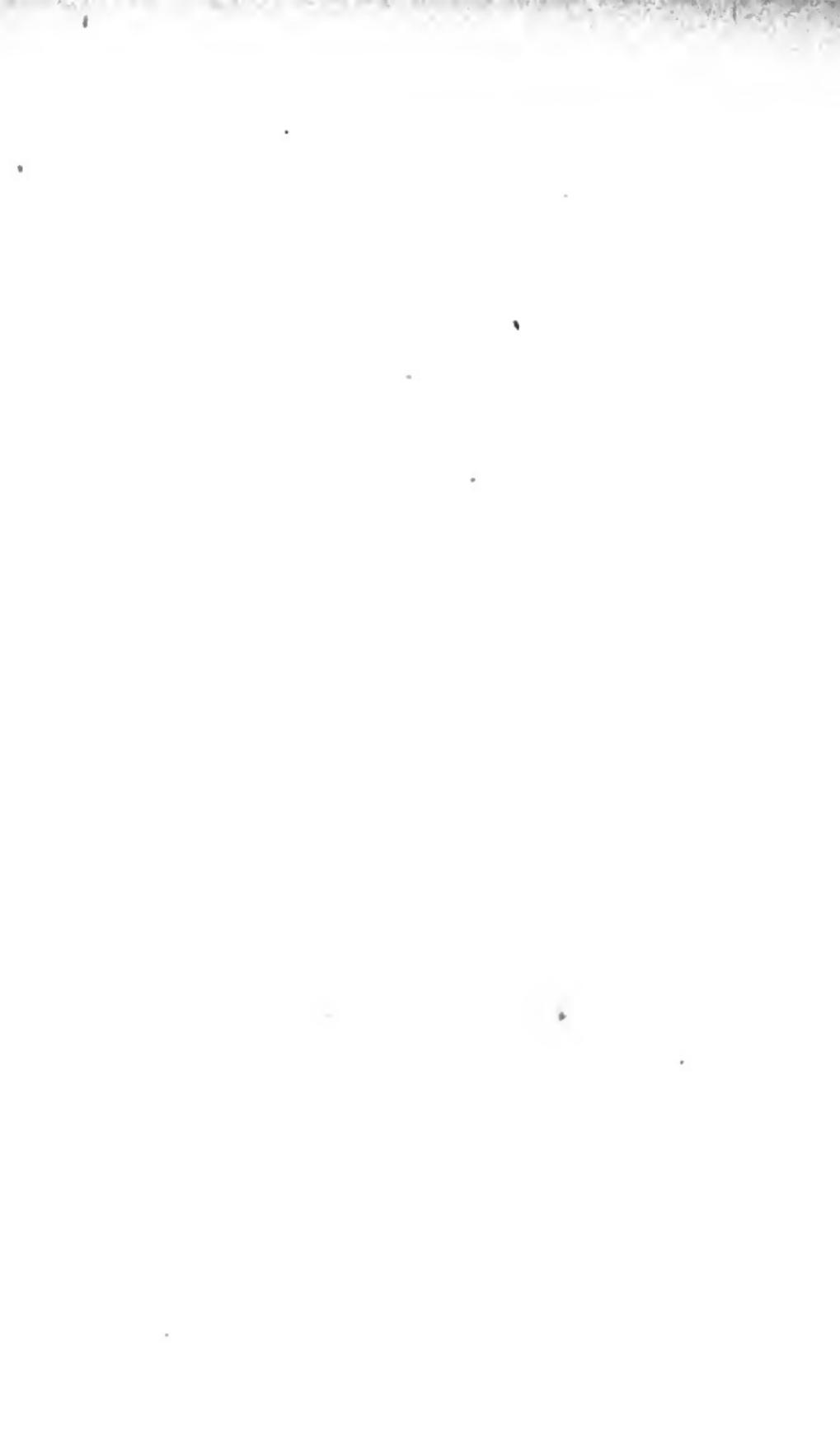
To scare bold sinners from their wicked course
And win them to a penitent remorse ;
That they who take these poems up as men
May lay them down as saints, made by his pen ;
Thus Ambrose catch'd an Austin by his quaint
Divinity, the Manichee turn'd saint.¹

F. P.

1. See the memorable ‘confession’ in the Confessions of Augustine, Book v. xiii. 23 : xiv. 24. A few words will doubtless interest the English reader. “Though I took no pains to learn *what* he spake, but only to hear *how* he spake.....yet together with the words which I would choose, came also into my mind the things which I would refuse: for I could not separate them. And while I opened my heart to admit ‘how eloquently he spake’ there also entered ‘how truly he spake’: but this by degrees.’ Cf. my Sibbes, Vol 1. p 184. G



Divine Poems.





NO HIDING FROM GOD.

"And Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God, amongst the trees of the Garden."—GEN. III. 8.

HAT fancies sin in our First Parents wrought,
That they a hiding-place so quickly sought
From God's all-seeing Eye? As if that He
Who form'd the eye,¹ were blind and could not see
Thorow the thickest trees, or darkest shade,
Which in that Garden He Himself had made.
Such simple fools are their posterity,
Who seek out places of obscurity
To sin unseene, and mask themselves all over,
That God should not their wicked deeds discover;
As though that they from Him themselves could
shrowd,
Like Juno from *Ixion* in a cloud.²

1. Psalm xciv. 9: Cf. Jeremiah xxiii. 24. G.

2. Pindar, *Pyth.* ii-39: Euripides, *Phoen.* 1185: Lucian, *Dial.* Deorum. 6. G.

Or like the wood-cock hide their heads, and then,
'Cause they see none, think none sees them agen.¹
Be not deceiv'd, a double folly lies,
In sinning first, then hoodwinking God's eyes.
All's one to Him, the darknesse and the light,
The night as clear as day is in His sight.
Think not by putting of a candle out,
Or drawing of a curtain round about
Thy bed, or by fast-barring of thy door,
To shut God out, or make Him see no more;
Thou canst not be invisable to Him,
Who did behold thy substance, every limme
And member of thy body, ere that they
Were perfect,² and received day by day,
Their form and fashion; the womb to Him was
Cleare as the chrystral, or the purest glasse,
Search the world's closest corners o're and o're,
'Mongst all thou canst not finde a place that's more
Invisible and secret; then reveal
Thy sin to God, which thou canst not conceale;
And what thou canst not hide from Him, confesse:
So seeing, Hee'l not see thy wickednesse;
But with the whitest robe will cover thee,
That without fear or shame thou may'st Him see.

1. Usually applied to the Ostrich. G.

2. Psalm cxxxix. 16. G.

THE BUSH BURNING.

"And the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire, out of the midst of a bush; and he looked, and behold the bush burned with fire, and was not consumed."—EXOD. III. 2.



OE! here a sight
Presented to the eye ;
A Bush on fire flaming bright,
Yet not consum'd ; a wondrous mysterie.

The Bush, the Church,
Affliction is the fire,
Which serves not to destroy, but search
And try her gold, raising the value higher.

It gathers dust,
And sullied is with ease,
Wherfore to rub off all the rust,
To cast it in this fire God doth please.

Whence it comes forth,
Far brighter then before,
And is advancèd much in worth :
One pound being equal now unto a score.

This Bush that flame
Could never long withstand,

Unlesse the Lord were in the same;
Tis He that doth uphold it with His hand.

Whiles He is there,
And doth His light dispense,
The heat we need not greatly fear,
How-ere it may seeme grievous to our sense.

For though we be
I' th' fiery furnace cast,
Our faith the Son of God may see,
Preserving of our very haires from waste.

Much more He will
By His Almighty arme
Defend the souls of His Saints still,
That by this fire they shall sustaine no harme.

For this fire shall,
Like that which snatch'd away
The Prophet once, transport them all
From this world's sorrows to a world of joy.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

"Now therefore let Me alone, that My wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them."—EXOD. XXXII. 10.



HAT a commanding power

There is in prayer! Which can tower
As high as heaven, and tie the hands

Of God Himself in bands,
 That He unable is to loose the raines
 To Justice, til releasèd from these chains!¹

Samson could break his cords
 As tow, and yet the Lord of Lords
 Who gave that strength to *Samson*, can
 Not break the cords of man ;
 Man makes his Maker pray, ‘ Let Me alone
 That on this people My wrath may be shown.’

Since then such vertue lies
 In prayer, as will exorcise
 The Almighty, and fast bind His arms
 In spiritual magick charms ;
 O for another *Moses* now to pray
 That the like benefit wee might enjoy.

But God’s wrath long hath been
 Against us hot ; a signe our sinne
 Cries lowder then our prayers to God,
 Which makes Him use His rod.

When once our prayers grow more fervent, then
 We may expect they’ll bind God’s hands again.

1. Cf. Thomas Fuller’s ‘ David’s Heartie Repentance ’ 8—
 13. See my privately-printed collection of the ‘ Poems
 and Verse-Translations ’ of Fuller. pp 56-58.

THE ROCK.

"Moses lift up his hand, and with his rod smote the rock twice, and the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank.—NUMB. xx. 11."



HAT wonder's this, that there should spring
Streams from a rock to quench a people's
thirst?

What man alive did e're see such a thing,
That waters out of stone should burst?
Yet rather then Israel with drowth should die,
God by a miracle wil them supply.

What wonder's this, that from Christ's side,
Water and blood should run to cleanse our sin?
This is that fountain which was opened wide
To purge all our uncleannessse in;
But this the greater wonder is by farre,
As substances beyond the shadows are.

Christ is that spiritual rock^{*} from whence
Two Sacraments derivèd^{*} are to us:
Being the objects of our faith and sense,
Both receive comfort from them thus,

1. John xix. 4. G.

2. Zechariah xiii. 1. G.

3. 1 Corinthians x. 4. 4. Transmitted=communicated. G.

Rather then we should faint our Rock turns Vine,¹
And stayes our thirst with water and with wine.

But here's another rock, my heart
Harder then adamant; yet by and by,
If by a greater *Moses* struck, 'twil part,
And stream forth tears abundantly.

Strike then this rock my God, double the blow,
That for my sins, my eyes with tears may flow !

My sins that pierc'd Thy hands, Thy feet,
Thy head, Thy heart, and every part of Thee,
And on the cross made life and death to meet :

Death to Thyself, and life to mee,
Thy very fall does save ; O happy strife,
That struck God dead, but raisèd man to life.

SECRET THINGS BELONG TO GOD.

“ *Secret things belong to the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong unto us, and our children for ever, that we may doe all the words of this Law.*” —DEUT. xxix. 29.



HIS was good doctrine once, but now
 We not contented are to know
 What God thinks good for to reveale,
 Unlesse we with *Prometheus* steale
 Some fire from heaven ;¹ or commit
 A rape on *Pallas'* Divine Wit,
 Or pick *Jove's* lock, and secrets get
 Out of his closest Cabinet.
 We with the *Bethshemites* dare pry
 Into God's Ark, and cast an eye
 Within the vaile, although that wee
 Or blinde, or dead straite stricken be ;²
 Such boldnesse wel deserves to have
 No eyes, or else a suddaine grave.
 He that would know more then is fit,
 Forfeits his life as wel as wit.
 And while he seeks what God hath hidden,
 He eats again the fruit forbidden.
 So striving to be overwise,
 Is justly banisht Paradise.
 But if we would know safely more,
 Let's practice what we knew before ;
 Nor search His secret wil into,

1. Aeschylus, *Prom.* 110. G.

2. 1 Samuel vi. 19. G.

But His revealèd let us doe ;
 'Tis that concerns us most : the way
 To understand is to obey.¹

FORMER FAVOURS EARNESTS OF FUTURE.

"David said, moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the Lion, and out of the paw of the Bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."—I. SAM. xvii. 37.

 HY should I doubt God's providence,
 Or fear Hee'le not protect me in my
 wayes ?

Since He His goodnesse stil to me displayes,
 And proves it by experience.

One day another certifies, and saith,
 Each several Mercy doth confirm my faith.

His former favours earnests are
 Of future ; He that saved mee from the Bear
 Would not permit the Lyon me to teare.

And He that of me took such care,
 As from the Lyon's paw to set me free,
 Will from this Philistine deliver me.

Lord, from a fiercer Lyon Thou
 Hast saved me by Thine Almighty power :

I mean that Lyon which sought to devour
 My soul and body. Shall I now
 Suspect that Thou who spar'dst me from the devil,
 Wilt let me perish by a lesser evil ?

I am resolv'd to fear no more
 What man can do, though he *Golia* be,
 Much less a bear or lyon ; though I see
 Him ne're so much against me roare ;
 I have so oft been rescued by Thine arm,
 That I believe nothing shall do me harme.

THE GOOD MAN'S CLOTHING.

'I put on Righteousnesse, and it clothed me.'—
 JOB XXIX. 14.



WAS sin brought shame into the world : til
 then
 There was no nakednesse 'mongst men ;
 And till they 'put on Righteousnesse,' they wil
 Though clad in gold be naked stil ;
 They may their clothes change every day, yet find
 That clothes they want, unless they change their
 mind.¹

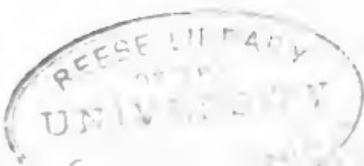
1. Cf. Fuller's before unpublished 'Epigrams' in my volume of his 'Poems' &c., as *ante.* No. 1. p 221. G.

The newnesse of the fashion's not enough,
 Nor yet the richnesse of the stuff,
 To cover the soul's nakednesse within,
 Whiles tis deform'd with deadly sin.
 The Gallant without grace, for all his brags,
 Is worse attir'd then Truth that goes in rags.

What matter is't if that his body be
 Adorn'd with all the bravery
 His wealth can compasse, or his wit invent :
 For all this costly ornament,
 If he be destitute of Righteousnesse
 To clothe his soul, hee's naked ne're the lesse.

God looks into my inside, and if there
 He see that I do vertue weare,
 And that the habits of my mind are white
 As Innocence, and clear as Light ;
 Then He invites me as a proper guest,
 Being thus apparrel'd, to His Marriage-Feast.

Now Lord, since mine own righteousnesse will be
 Too short a robe to cover me ;
 (For who alas, with so great store is clad,
 But he to borrow may be glad ?)
 Do thou some of Thine Owne on me bestow,
 That's long enough for both of us I know.



THE HOLY SEPARATIST.

“But know, the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself.”—PSALM IV. 3.

BEHOLD an holy Separatist,
 Whose sanctity doth not consist
 In setting of himself apart,
 Both from the world, and his own heart
 With a keep-back, as if that none
 Must neer him come ; but stands alone,
 Like the disdainful Pharisee
 That thinks no man so good as he.¹
 No, he himself doth most despise,
 And humble is in his own eyes ;
 So ful of meekness and so mild,
 As is the newly-weaned child ;
 His faith though firm is lowly built,
 Judging his own, not other's guilt ;
 This humble-minded man God deems,
 So highly of, so well esteems,
 That He divides him from the rest
 And him impropriates for the best ;
 To His own special use him takes,
 And his select companion makes.

1. Luke xviii. 10 : Cf. Isaiah lxv. 5. G.

The godly man most humble is,
 There is no godly man but this.
 Let me cast down my self among
 The ordinary common throng ;
 And with *Paul* make it my belief,
 That I of sinners am the chief.²
 In lowlinesse of mind let me
 Think that all others better be,
 So that I with the Publican
 Be the more truly Christian,
 And God to His immediate
 Attendance will me separate ;
 Thus the Most High wil not disdain
 To make the lowest one of's traine ,
 And he that doth himselfe abase,
 Shal be prefer'd to highest place.

WHAT IS MAN ?

“ *What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the Son of man that Thou visitest him?* ”—PSALM VIII. 4.

ORD, what is man that Thou
 So mindful art of him ? Or what's the Son
 Of man, that Thou the highest heaven
 didst bow

And to his aide didst runne?
He is not worthy of the least
Of all Thy mercies at the best.

Man's but a piece of clay
That's animated by Thy heavenly breath,
And when that breath Thou tak'st away,
 Hee's clay again by death.
He is not worthy of the least
Of all Thy mercies, at the best.

Baser then clay is he
For sin hath made him like the beasts that perish,
Though next the Angels he was in degree;
 Yet this beast Thou dost cherish.
Hee is not worthy of the least
Of all Thy mercies, hee's a beast.

Worse then a beast is man,
Who after Thine Own image made at first
Became the divel's sonne by sin. And can
 A thing be more accurst?
Yet Thou Thy greatest mercy hast
On this accursed creature cast.

Thou didst Thy Self abase,
And put off all thy robes of Majesty,
Taking his nature to give him Thy grace;

To save his life didst dye.
 He is not worthy of the least
 Of all thy mercies : one's a feast.

Lo ! man is made now even
 With the blest Angels, yea superiour farre,
 Since Christ sat down at God's right hand in heaven,
 And God and man one are.
 Thus all Thy' mercies man inherits,
 Though not the least of them he merits.

MUCH IN A LITTLE.

"A little that a righteous man hath, is better then great riches of the ungodly."—PSALM XXXVII. 16.

HE wicked rips Earth's bowels up to find
 Treasures to fil his mind ;
 Layes heaps on heaps, and riches gets
 great store ;
 For all that he is poore,
 Because he carries that about him which
 Forbids him to be rich ;
 A greedy mind that ne're can be content
 With that which God hath sent,
 But by ungodly waies graspeth more gold
 Then's hand or house wil hold.
 And what he thus hath got with care and pain

He fears to lose again ;
 His conscience on the rack¹ is all the while,
 It wil not let him smile.
 Or merry be, since many a bitter curse
 Helps to fil up his purse.
 And what by fraud or force he compasseth
 Shal vanish with his breath,
 Or if unto his heire his wealth descends,
 He lavishly it spends ;
 Consuming in a few yeers which was not
 In lesse then an age got.
 Thus goods ill gather'd many times we see
 The owner's ruine be.
 But the condition of the godly's such,
 In little he hath much.
 And though that his possesions be but smal,
 Yet his content is all.
 He is as rich as *Crassus*,² though but poor
 'Cause he desires no more.
 If to his mind his state he cannot fit,
 He frames his mind to it ;
 And dines as wel upon a piece of bread,
 As if on dainties fed ;

1. Spelled 'Wrack.' G.

2. Crœsus? G.

As merry when he water drinks his fil,
 As those that wine do swil ;
 As warm in poore *John Baptist's* Camel's-hair
 As those that scarlet wear ;
 His conscience clear from sin, in peace doth rest,
 And that's his daily feast.
 Thus he being rich i' th' midst of povertie,
 Nor fears, nor longs, to die.

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

" My iniquities are gone over my head, as an heavy burden, they are too heavy for me."—PSALM XXXVIII. 4.

 O leprosie can be compar'd to sinne,
 It doth so spread
 Without, within.

'Tis at my heart, and 'tis gone o're my head ;
 No part is free from top to toe,
 'Tis here, 'tis there, above, below,

Nor doth it only spread through every part,—
 'Tis heavy too
 And on my heart,
 Like lead it lyes, so that I cannot do

The good I would;¹ the weight's so great
That under it I sink, I sweat.

Some fools indeed, whose hearts are hard as flint,
And neck's as steel
Take pleasure in't,
And run away with't, yet no burden feel,
But sport make of it every day,
And with it as a feather play.

Whiles they make light thereof, O let me fear
And it avoid,
As if it were
The greatest plague by which man is destroyed ;
The heaviest burthen, that will crack
My heart-strings, and even break my back.

And since I feel it such a ponderous thing,
A way I find
That ease will bring,
And from this plague, this burthen free my mind :
Upon Thy back Lord, let it fall,
That's strong enough to bear it all.

GOD'S BOTTLE.

"Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle."—PSAL. LVI. 8.



O value tears I now begin,
Since Thou Lord dost provide,
A bottle for to put them in
That none shall fall beside ;
One drop will raise a sinner from a swound ;
What pity 'tis to spill them on the ground !

I spill them when I spend them on
Vain trifles. Worldly losses,
They are not worthy of a groan,
Much less a tear. Such crosses
I rather should rejoice in, since they prove
The tokens of my heavenly Father's love.

When from the limbeck of mine eyes
My tears for sin distil,
That *Aqua vitae*¹ Thou dost prize,
And with't Thy bottle fill.
O let my tears for my sins only fall,
That so Thy bottle may preserve them all.

Then of them, Lord, a cordial make,
Against sin's poisonous sting,

1. Cf. Fuller, *as before*, No. 40, page 229. G.

Which when my heart with grief doth ake
May comfort to it bring.

Last a *collyrium*¹ make of them, which may
Take all the sorenees of mine eyes away.

NONE BUT GOD.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee."—PSALM LXXIII., 35.

 AVE I not many things in heaven and earth
Besides Thee, that are worth
The having and desiring? Have I not
Some friends, some riches got,
Some honours too; and may increase my store
Of all these three yet more?
Excuse me then—my God—if that I pray,
And covet somewhat else for to enjoy.

Besides these earthly there are things in heaven
Which for my use are given;
The Sun, and Moon and Stars which do dispense
Their light, heat, influence;
Angels and Saints to whom in my distress
May I not make addresse?

1. 'Eye-salve' G.

Excuse me then,—my God—if I repair
To these sometimes as objects of my praier.

Yet when I think a little better on
These things, I find there's none
That can compared be to Thee ; for Friends,
They are for private ends,
And do me courtesies, because I do
Courtesies for them too ;
But Thou a faithful friend wast unto me
When by my sins I was Thine enemy.

For Riches they are subject to decay,
And quickly fade away,
Honours are bubbles which the breath of men
Blowes in and out agen.
Nor those, nor these, any true vertue have
Body or soul to save :
But Thou my riches and my honours art,
That savest both, and dost from neither part.

The Sun, Moon, Stars are goodly creatures, yet
As they rise, so they set ;
The Saints triumphant happy creatures are,
But know not how I fare.
The Angels glorious, yet but finite, seeing
They have from Thee their being ;

Thou art my Sun which only I adore,
 Who once didst rise from death to set no more.
 Thou art all Saints in one, they have from Thee
 Alone their sanctity;
 Thou art the Angel of the Covenant,
 And wilt not let me want;
 Thou mad'st me with Thy word, and with Thy
 blood
 Redeem'dst me: none so good,
 So great as Thee in earth or Heaven abides,
 And therefore I desire none besides.

THE VINE WASTED.

*"Why hast Thou then broken down her hedge, that
 all they that go by pluck off her grapes? The wild
 boar out of the wood doth root it up, and the wild
 beasts of the field devour it. Turne thee again Thou
 God of Hosts, look down from heaven, behold and
 visit this Vine.—PSALM LXXX., 12, 13, 14.*

OME Lord and look how Thy poor Vine
 lies wast,
 Her hedg is broke down every hour,
 And if Thou dost not make the greater haste
 The wild bore will her grapes devour.

*Come Lord, Thine aid we crave,
 Come quickly her to save.*

Lord 'tis that Vine which Thy right hand hath
planted,

And fenc'd about for Thine own use.

But she alas ! too long Thy care hath wanted
And little fruit she doth produce.

Come Lord, Thine aid we crave,

Come quickly her to save.

Her Springs¹ are dry, the holy Sacraments

Are stopt, or run not free to all ;

Her watchmen disagreeing make her rents
So wide, she doth to pieces fall.

Come Lord, Thine aid we crave,

Come quickly her to save.

Under her shade we did securely rest

And comfort we did take in it.

But now we pine away with grief opprest
To see her in the dust to sit,

Come Lord, Thine aid we crave,

Come quickly her to save.

Our hearts are broke, our harps unstringèd be,

Our only musick's sighes and groans.

Our songs are to the tuno of *lachrymæ*,
W' are fretted all to skin and bones.

1. Misprinted 'Sprigs.' G.

*Come, O come Lord Jesus,
Quickly come and ease us.*

This is the last and worst age we live in,
For the most righteous go to wrack ;
Then set an end unto these days of sin
And misery ; Thy help we lack.

*Come, O come Lord Jesus,
Quickly come and ease us.*

Punish the men are settled on their lees,¹
And at our suffrings make a sport ;
But lift the hands up that fall down, the knees
That feeble are, do Thou support.²

*Come, O come Lord Jesus,
Quickly come and ease us.*

Bind up our wounds, and pour in oyl & wine
Give cordials to our heavy hearts,
Make up the mounds once more about this Vine,
Repair her breaches on all parts.

*Come, O come Lord Jesus,
Quickly come and ease us.*

1. Jeremiah XLVIII. 11. G.

2. Isaiah XXXV. 3. G.

ANGELS OUR GUARDIANS.

"He shall give his Angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy wayes. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

—PSALM XCII., 11, 12.



OW dear to God is man
That He His mercy should enlarge
To this poor span,
And thus to charge
His Angels to keep every limb
of him !

Such are His strict commands
To them, that they are bound to bear
Him in their hands
Secure from fear,
Of dashing but his foot upon
a stone.

If they so careful are
To keep his foot from hurt, they have
Much greater care
His soul to save,
And it int' *Abraham's* bosom they
convey.

Did we poor creatures know
How much unto their watchfulness
And care we owe ;
We would express
Our thanks to God, and His name praise
alwayes ;

For highly honouring us
With this rare priviledg to be
Attended thus
By Angels, He
The greater makes to serve the less ;
O bless

The Lord for this, and pay
To these pure spirits reverence due,
That so they may
Ne're forsake you ;
Do no vile action which may these
displease,

Or cause them to retard
Their wonted aid ; each wicked deed
Raiseth their guard
In time of need ;
Live so that they may you attend
to th' end.

“TO-DAY” HEARE GOD’S VOICE.

A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
GOD AND A SINNER.

“To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.”—PSALM XCV., 7, 8.

Sinner. **M**AY I not this day take my pleasure,
And hear Thy voice, O God at leisure ?

One day will break no square, men say ;
And wilt Thou be more strict than they ?
O give me leave now to rejoice,
And hereafter hear Thy voice.

Thy voice which doth to virtue call,
And to repentance summons all,
But that I do not love to hear,
It sounds harsh discords in my ear,
Whilst I am in my youthful blood ;
When I grow old, it may be good,
To take Thy counsel, and attend
Thy will when I draw neer my end.
Then ’twill be time enough I trust,

To be temperate, chaste and just,
 Till then, I hope Thou wilt dispence
 With my want of innocence,
 With my sports and wickednesse.
 I know Lord Thou canst do no lesse
 Then hear my prayer at the last,
 For Thou Thy faithful word hast past
 To pardon me when ere that I
 Shall implore Thy clemency.
 The theif upon the Cross did find
 Thy mercy : the same gracious mind
 Thou still retainest ; may I not then
 Expect to find the like agen ?
 I am resolv'd what ere comes on't
 To hazard ev'n my soul upon't.

God. Bold sinner, do not thou presume
 Upon My grace ; a sweet perfume,
 Or pleasing sacrifice doth from
 A late repentance seldom come.¹
 Canst thou believe that tree's ought worth,
 That not till Winter, fruit brings forth ?
 Or wouldst thou be content thy wife
 Should play the harlot all her life,

1. THOMAS BROOKS has antithetically put it "Though true repentance be never too late, yet late repentance is seldom true." (Works, by me, l. 190.) G.

And at the last should render thee
Her love and service, when that she
Through age and sickness overworn
Is most unfit to serve thy turn ?
Judg then thyself if thou wouldest be
So servèd as thou servest Me ?
Thou'dst have her to thyself alone
Before her youth and beauty's gone ;
I must thy love and service have
When thou art dropping in thy grave :
When thou art lame or impotent,
Then thou wilt be a penitent.
Fool not away thy soul with this
Presumption, for the highway 'tis
To hell ; a double danger lyes
In such late conformities :
For that man that doth delay
To hearken to My voice To-day
Will be To-morrow more unfit,
And have his eare quite deaf to it.
Each cranny there will be fast barr'd
And his heart will grow so hard
Through long continuance in sin,
That not a word can enter in ;
Although I call and call again
He is still deaf, 'tis all in vain.
Besides, should he knock at My door

When he is dying, not before,
 He shall perceive it then too late,
 Fast lock'd will be My Mercy-Gate,
 Because My justice will not bear
 That I should his petition hear,
 Who would not hear My Voice at all,
 Albeit I did him often call.
 O then take heed, do not delay
 The hearing of My voice a day.
 The thief o' th' Crosse no pattern is
 For thy deferr'd repentance : his
 Was extraordinary, thou
 Ought'st not to look for the like now.
 When Christ is crucifi'd once more
 Presume upon it, not before.¹

AFFLICTION BRINGS MAN HOME.

"Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word."—PSALM CXIX., 67.



AN like a silly sheep doth often stray,
 Not knowing of his way.
 Blind deserts and the wilderness of sin

1. This seems an echo of the words of St. Augustine *in loco. G.*

He daily travels in ;

• There's nothing wil reduce him sooner then
Afflictions, to his pen.¹

He wanders in the sunshine, but in rain
And stormy weather hastens home again.

Thou the great Shepherd of my soul, O keep

Me thy unworthy sheep

From gadding : or if fair means wil not do it
Let foul then bring me to it.

Rather then I should perish in my error,

Lord bring me back with terror ;

Better I be chastized with Thy rod
And shepherd's staff, then stray from Thee my
God.

Though for the present stripes do grieve me sore,

At last they profit more,

And make me to observe Thy Word, which I
Neglected formerly ;

Let me come home rather by weeping cross

Then still be at a losse.

For health I'd rather take a bitter pil,

Then eating sweet-meats to be always ill.

PATH OF THE JUST.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—
PROVERBS IV., 18.

HE just man's life's the path to heaven;
 Though narrow, yet 'tis even,
 No dark nor obscure way,
 But shining bright as is the day ;
 And as the day's each minute brighter, so
 He step by step doth to perfection go.

No violent motion 'tis, but creeps
 A gentle pace, and peeps
 Like break of day ; a light
 That's chequer'd betwixt black and white,
 Till it increasing more and more appear
 A perfect day within the hemisphere.

The man new-started from his sins
 When he his race begins,
 Just so much light he hath
 To show him that there is a path
 Which leads to heaven, though scarce enough to
 guide
 His feet from slipping sometimes on each side.

A little now, a little then :

As he Christ cur'd, saw men

Walking at first like trees,¹

So doth the righteous by degrees ;

Each cross he meets at first seems more then man,

A gyant in his way to Canaan.

But as his light his courage growes,

And then away he throwes

His fears, takes heart of grace,

And boldly looks the world i'th' face,

Bids do its worst and what before did seem

A monster, now a pigmy he doth deem.

Vice in his native colours he

Sees and hates perfectly ;

Vertue's the thing alone

That he makes his companion ;

Adding of grace to grace till that his sun

To the meridian of his day hath run,

And then like Joshuah's fixd stands

To do all God's commands,

Nor shall it e're go down,

But glory shall his graces crown,

And make one constant day that knowes no night,

Nor lessening nor augmenting of his light.

1. Mark viii. 24. G.

Lord, let Thy grace about me shine,
 That I may not decline,
 The path which leads to Thee,
 And may it still increasing be
 Till grace and glory shall unite their rayes
 Into one perfect light that ne're decayes.

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

“A wounded spirit who can bear?”—PROV. xviii. 14.

S'T possible? who will believe
 A spirit can wounded be and grieve?
 What hath no body needs no blows to
 fear:

Yet 'tis most true,
 God's Word tells you,
“A wounded spirit who can bear?”

One thing there is a soul will wound
 So deeply, that 'twill bleed and swound,
 And even dye for grief, for shame, for fear:
 Sin is the thing
 Doth all this bring.

“A wounded spirit who can bear?”

Sin's a two-edged sword which slayes
 The soul of man a thousand wayes:
 It kil'd the divell though he a spirit were,

For dead he is
To grace, to bliss.

"A wounded spirit who can bear?"

That man whose conscience within
Is gallèd with a crying sin,
How much it racks him,¹ how it doth him tear
 No tongue can tell,
 'Tis worse than hell.

"A wounded spirit who can bear?"

Since then it so torments the mind,
O Lord let me this favour find,
Prevent me with Thy grace whiles I live here
 That I may be
 From great sins free ;
An innocent spirit let me bear.

Or if that favour be too high.
Yet this I pray Thee not deny ;
That sovereign balsom, though it cost Thee deer,
 Thy blood I mean,
 To wash me clean,
A cleansèd spirit I can bear.

1. As before, spelled 'wrack.' G.

YOUTH'S MEMENTO.

“Remember now Thy Creator in the dayes of thy Youth.”—ECCLES. XII., 1.

KIND is that piety which doth begin
 In youth : e're 'tis accustom'd unto sin
 The mind white paper is, and will admit
 Of any lesson you may write in it.
 What's then imprinted, there doth firmly stand
 Not to be blotted out by any hand,
 But when that vice hath first took up the place,
 'Twill be a double labour : one to rase
 Out that which long hath got possession,
 Another for to make a new impression ;
 And a much harder task you wil it find
 To root out vice then vertue plant i' th' mind ;
 To cast one divel out is greater pain,
 Then two good angels there to entertain.
 To keep a vessel sweet is not so much,
 As when once sowred 'tis to make it such :
 And look at first how it hath season'd bin,
 It will retain that odour still therein.
 He that ne're thinks on God till he is old,
 Gray headed, and his blood froze up with cold,
 Racket¹ with diseases, one foot in the grave,

1. Spelled, as before, ‘wrackt.’ G.

Whom all the art of Physick cannot save,
 A Colledg of Physicians not reprieve,
 Or keep his carkass scarce a day alive ;
 O what a business it will be to climb
 To heaven by penitence, when there's no time,
 Nor means for him to do it in ! but he
 By vertue of his faith, nor works, must be
 Rapt thither in an instant, as if heaven
 Would be to him at the first asking given.
 But man remember thy Creator now
 Whiles God both time and means doth thee allow.
 Trust not thy soul upon a broken reed,
 Faith without works will stand in little steed :
 When thy first dayes and best in sin are past,
 Think not God will accept thy worst and last.

THE CIRCULATION.

*“ Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was,
 and the spirit shall returne to God that gave it.”—
 ECCLES, XII., 7.*

UR famous *Harvey*¹ hath made good
 The circulation of the blood,
 And what was paradox we know

1. The illustrious and venerable discoverer of the circulation of the blood—Dr. William Harvey—may have seen this compliment. He died in 1657. G.

To be a demonstration now.
The like in bodies doth befall
Civil as well as natural
Such revolutions in them found
That they are alwaies turning round.
We know a kingdome which of late
Converted was into a State :
And from the hands of many men,
That State devolv'd to one agen.¹
We know that wealth, which now doth flow
I'th' City veins did lately grow
I'th' Country furrowes, and the same
Soon runs to th' place from whence it came.
We know our bodie's frame, of dust
At first created was, and must
Crumble to dust ere long ; we see
Not one from dissolution free.
We know, or what's equivalent,
Believe our souls, which God first sent
To make our bodies move and live,
Shall go to Him who them did give ;
When once their Maker them commands,
They strait return into His hands.

-
1. The Commonwealth of England and Oliver Cromwell the 'one' Protector. G.

Thus we see almost every thing
 Circling about as in a ring.
 The Winter-season of the yeer,
 Is now turn'd Summer everywhere.
 This Summer will to Winter turn,
 And that freeze which before did burn.
 Rivers which borrow from the main
 Their stremes, do pay them back again.
 Since nothing under heaven hath rest
 But floating up and down, 'tis best
 To look above, and fix mine eyes
 Where not a shadow of change lyes :
 No variation there, but all,
 Stand still in state pacifical
 Go then my dust to dust, but thou my soul
 Return unto thy rest above the pole.

THE CHURCH 'BLACK BUT COMELY.'

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

CHURCH AND HER DAUGHTERS.

"I am black but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem."—CANT I., 5.

Daught. OU were our mother once most
 bright and fair
 Admir'd and lov'd by every eye:

No earthly beauty could with you compare ;
 But now y' are of another dye.

We ne're beheld a Moor more black then you
 Are by this unexpected change ;
 We hardly can believe it to be true,
 The sight so uncouth is and strange.

You are become a Widow desolate,
 You have no suitors as before ;
 We are ashamed to own you, since of late
 Most men have cast you out of door.

Church. Despise me not, although that black I am,
 The reason that you shall understand ;
 From an extreme hot Country late I came,
 From that *Egyptian* sun-burnt Land.

There I was scorcht, and lost my beauty there,
 By lying long amongst the pots ;¹
 And brick-kilns heavy burthens I did bear ;
 Thus I contracted all my spots.

Yet be not you ashamed of me, for I,
 Though black without, am fair within ;
 My soul is purged from impurity,
 And grace hath now excluded sin.

It was the plot of my Belovèd, who
Seeing me proud, and wanton grow
Of my unparalell'd beauty, serv'd me so ;
To keep me up he brought me low.¹

He took away the lustre of my face,
But gave another to my mind ;
And now I do account it no disgrace,
Since this the better far I find.

'Tis not the fairness of the faee but soul,
Which doth invite my Lord to love :
If he perceive the inward parts be foul,
The outward not at all Him move.

No matter though I black to others seem,
Whilst I am comely in His eyes ;
If He me worthy of His love esteem,
I care not who doth me despise,

When He shall find it fit to wash off all
My black, and outward grace restore,
Like the sun after an eclipse, I shall
Shine brighter then I did before.

1. Cf. Fuller, as before, p 29. G.

GOD'S TWO DWELLINGS.

"Thus saith the High and Lofty One that in habiteth Eternity, whose name is holy, I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."—ISAIAH LVII., 15.



ORD! Thou hast told us that there be
Two dwellings which belong to Thee,
And those two—that's the wonder—
Are far asunder.

The one the highest heaven is,
The mansions of eternal bliss ;
The other's the contrite
And humble sprite.

Not like the princes of the earth,
Who think it much below their birth
To come within the door
Of people poor.

No, such is Thy humility,
That though Thy dwelling be on high,
Thou dost Thyself abase
To th' lowest place.

Where ere Thou seest a sinful soul
Deploring His offences foul,

To him Thou wilt descend,
And be his friend.

Thou wilt come in, and with him sup,
And from a low state raise him up,
Till Thou hast made him eat
Blest angel's meat

Thus Thou wilt him with honour crown
Who in himself is first cast down,
And humbled for his sins,
That Thy love wins.

Though heaven be high, the gate is low,
And he that comes in there must bow :
The lofty looks shall ne're
Have entrance there

O God since Thou deligh'st to rest
In the humble contrite brest
First make me so to be,
Then dwell with me.

MAN COMPLAINING WITHOUT JUST
CAUSE.

*“ Wherefore doth a living man complain ? a man
for the punishment of his sins.” —LAM. III., 39.*

WHY doth a living man complain,
When for his sins he punished is ?
Since his complaint is all in vain
And he no ease obtains by this
But rather adds new torments to the sore,
And by impatience makes his sufferings more.

So have I seen i' th fowler's gin,
A bird by striving out to get,
The faster hath entangled bin,
And ne're could scape out of the net ;
Were he awhile but quiet, he might spy
Perhaps some hole or other through to fly.

But man of all things hath least cause
To murmur or complain at all,
Since by oft breaking of God's Lawes
He justly in this toil doth fall.

For sin and suffering are correlatives,
A malefactor well deserves his gyves

A mercy 'tis that he yet lives,
And hopes a pardon he may have,

Not so much favour the Law gives,
 It's the Law-giver's part to save.
 He ought not to complain, but to be glad,
 Whiles he's alive and pardon may be had.

When Thou chastizest me, Lord !
 And for my sin dost make me smart,
 I'll not return an angry word,
 But take it from Thee in good part;
 Since Thou exactest of me less then I
 Deservèd have for mine iniquity.

THE MYSTICAL MARRIAGE.

“I will betroth thee unto Me for ever, yea, I will betroth thee unto Me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in loving kindness, and in tender mercies.”

—HOSEA II., 19.

 ET all records be searchèd o're and o're,
 Such an unequal marriage as this
 Was never seen or heard before,
 Where heaven and earth, God and man kiss,
 Where Majesty and misery do meet,
 Power and infirmity each other greet.¹

1. Cf. Palmer's 'Christian Paradoxes' of some of which this stanza is an echo. I take the liberty to refer to my 'Lord Bacon not the Author of the Christian Paradoxes.' G.

Thou art the King of Glory, Lord of life,
Thy Spouse at best a creature poor ; but since
 Her fall, deformed, and not fit wife
 Will make for Thee so great a Prince.

Go court the Angels then ; yet they, though bright,
Are creatures too, and scarce pure in Thy sight ;

How much less I that on my belly creep,
And cleave unto the earth ; that did begin
 As soon as I was born to weep,
 As soon as I could go to sin ;

When I polluted in my blood did lye
No eye would pity me but all past by ;

Cast out i' th' open field I was, to th'shame
And loathing of my person in the day
 That I was born¹, then my Lord came
 Like the Samaritan² that way,
And took me up ; Thy mercy did Thee move,
Not my desert : that was Thy time of love.

Nor is Thy love fickle as most men's be,
Who soon grow weary of their former choice,
 When they a greater beauty see ;

1. Ezekiel xvi. 5. G.

2. Luke x. 33. G.

But Thou with me wilt still rejoice.
 Thou hast betroth'd me to Thy self for ever.
 And if I leave Thee not wilt leave me never.

Thou that didst love me when I nothing had
 That lovely was, endue me with Thy grace ;
 For with that wedding garment clad,
 Thou wilt no blemish in my face
 Or any other part of me espy
 But I shall always seem fair in Thine eye.

And that my love to Thee may never fail,
 No more then Thine to me, open mine eyes,
 And then Thy glorious face unvaile
 That above all I may Thee prize,
 Believing I the greatest bliss obtain,
 When Thou lov'st me, and I love Thee again.

PASSION WITHOUT REASON.

“Upon Jonas his anger at God’s sparing of Nineveh, and destroying the Gourd.”—JONAH iv.

 RT angry Jonah 'cause God gracious is
 And merciful to Nineveh ? is this
 Thy charity that thou hadst¹ rather see

1. Misprinted ‘hast’ G.

Thousands of people perish, then to be
Deem'd a false prophet? wouldst thou have thy
Lord

Deny Himself to justifie thy word?
Nor spare the penitent, since thou hast said,
Yet forty dayes and *Ninereh's* destroid?
Not so; forbear thy passion, curb thine ire,
Let God be true and every man a lyar.¹
It cruelty, not jnstice were, if them
Who have repented, once God should condemn.
God is as just as merciful, when He
Forgives the sinner his iniquity
Upon his true conversion. Nor may we
Think God is mutable in His decree,
But man the changeling is, 'tis his contrition
That makes him capable of God's remission.
The judgment thou denounced'st did suppose
This tacite limitation, if that those
'Gainst whom 'twas past, continued obstinate
Without returning from their wicked state.
But they repenting, God revokes His doom,
And th' objects of His pity they become;
Yet thou art angry still, and needs wilt dye,
Before that God shall shew His clemency

1. Romans iii. 4. G.

On them, whiles thou art guilty of the same
For which thou dost thy God so boldly blame,
Thou but a mortal man dost pity take
Upon a gourd which God made for thy sake ;
And shal not the immortal God have pity
On *Ninireh*, that is so great a city ?
A city He for His own glory made,
And must that city perish whiles thy shade
Remains untouch't ? This gourd no fruit doth bear,
Yet flourish must, whiles men for whose use were
All things created, must destroyed be
Only to please thy foward phantasie ;
This gourd, because thy covering, thou wouldest
spare
Though it grew up without thy cost and care ;
But *Niniveh* must down, which God did frame,
And to that height of honour brought the same,
That tis th' imperial city of the East,
Within whose walls resteth both man and beast ;
It is a shade to thousands, yet must down,
Or else thy Lord shal now incurre thy frown ;
This gourd came up, and vanish't in a night,
Yet such thy love's to it, and such thy spight
To *Niniveh*, that though it was not built
In many ages, must in one be spilt,
Yea, thou wouldest have one hour to deface
And ruinate this stately towring place

Of three dayes journey, th' wonder of the world,
Into a strange confus'd chaos hurl'd.
O Lord, how far Thy thoughts above man's are,
Thy waies 'bove his! 'twixt them there's no
compare.

Man's mercies cruel be, if weigh'd with Thine ;
Thy judgment, mercies be, merecies divine
And infinite. Such vast and mighty odds
There is 'twixt our affections and God's ;
If He were not more merciful then we,
One of a thousand would not savèd be ;
Whom God thinks fit to spare, we damne to hel,
And think in doing so we do wel :
All that dissent from us we curse and banne,
As if they were worse then a publican.
Cease, cease rash man, who dust and ashes art,
To contradict thy Maker, and to thwart
His righteous Judgments, which are so profound
A deepe, that thy short line can never sound
The bottome of them ; thou may'st in thy span
As soon contain the earth and ocean,
As comprehend them in thy shallow brain ;
The thought's blasphemous as th' attempt is vaine.
Seek not above thy reason's reach t' aspire,
And what thou canst not comprehend admire !¹

1. 'Wonder' at. G.

Submit thy judgment unto God's, so shall
 Thy feet stand firmly, whereas others fal ;
 Thou shalt like th' Israelites walk on dry ground
 Whiles others like the Egyptians are drownd
 In the Red Sea of their owne censures ; so
 By judging others, they themselves judge too.
 Do not conceit thy faith to be the lesse
 'Cause it abounds in charitablenessse ;
 Without all question his faith is the best,
 Whose charity flames highest in his brest ;
 And his religion is most Christian,
 That saves a world rather then damns a man.
 Let then God mercy shew to Niniveh,
 I wil not, with the prophet, angry be ;
 But wish to all the same repentant minde,
 And pray that they may the like forgiveness find.

THE INQUISITION.

"It shall come to passe at that time that I wil search Jerusalem with candles, and punish the men,"
&c.—ZEPH. i., 12.

 HEN God shall inquisition make
 For sin, what man can chuse but quake ?
 No place he hath his head to hide,
 Lurke where he will, he'el be espied.
 But why with candles wil God look,
 As if some corner or close nook

Of His Jerusalem could be—
Without their light—from His sight free ?
No, He that form'd the eye wil see
Through the greatest obsecrity.
Candles are usclesse ; when the Day
Appears, we throw them then away.
Yea when the sun begins to shine,
The brightest stars their light decline.
God's eyes ten thousand times more bright
Are then the sun's, and there's no night
At all to Him ; by candles then
He speaks to th' common sense of men,
Letting them know, that as when we
Intend to make a scrutinie,
And strictly search for some rare thing
That's lost, jewel or diamond ring ;
We candles light, and pore about
The house, we pry within, without,
Leave not a hole unsearcht, for fear
The thing we look for should lye there.
So God, to take all thoughts from us,
Of scaping His inquiry, thus
Himselfe expresses : if He search
Jerusalem so close, His Church—
What wil become of Babylon
The wicked citie, where not one
Righteous is to be found ? That needs

No inquisition, their ill deeds
 Are too transparent to each eye
 As he that runs may them espie ;
 Where crimes are open to the view
 Of all, not search, but plagues are due.
 Lord ! give me grace for to prevent
 As wel the search as punishment ;
 Teach me to cast mine eye within
 My brest, and spie out every sin
 Which there lies hid, that so I may—
 Judging myself before the day—
 Avoid the judgment just which shall
 Upon the wicked heavy fall.

THE FOUNTAIN.

“In that day there shal be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleannessse.”—ZECH. XIII., 1.

NEVER was leper's body halfe so foule
 As is the sinner's soule ;
 Each power and facultie
 Polluted is, not the least part being free ;
 No fuller's soap nor nitre can
 Make clean this soiled soul of man,¹

1. Cf. Fuller, as before, No. 33, p 228. G.

But lo ! an holy Well is opened wide,
 Which runs from God's own side,
 Whose vertue is so rare,
 That it will make the blackest Ethiop faire ;
 In this clear fountain sinners may
 Wash all their spots and stains away.

Open it is to all, to all that be
 Of David's familie,
 And of Jerusalem ;
 The fountane only opened is to them
 That of the faithful seed are sprung :
 To them of right it doth belong.

They that are strangers to the Covenant
 And saving faith do want,
 This holy Well disdain,
 As if it no more vertue did contain
 Then Abana and Pharpar,¹ which
 Can hardly cure a scab or itch ;

Much lesse the spreading leprosie of sin
 Which sticks so close within
 That nought can cleanse the same
 But th' Aqua Vitæ which from Christ's side came :²

1. 2 Kings v. 12. G.

2. Cf. Fuller, as before, No. 40, p 229.

Go then, my soul, and drink thy fil,
See !—from His heart it doth distil.

What though thou very poor and wretched art,
In it thou may'st have a part,
For 'tis the beggar's bath
As much as 'tis the kings, and he that hath
A mind for to be cleans'd indeed,
May use the same as he hath need.

GOD'S JEWELS.

"They shall be Mine saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my Jewels.—MAL. III. 17.

OU that of Godlinesse do make mock,
And those that are religious, jcere,
As if they were your laughing stock;
Know that ere long God will appear
To judge this wicked world ; and then
They wil be found to be the only men.
Though now you tread them underneath your
feete,
And no more reckoning of them make
Then of the dust that's in the street,
The time shall come when God wil take
Them for his richest jewels, and
Prize them, as 'twere the signet on's right hand.

Yea to your shame and wonder He will raise
The value of them above all
That you can think is worthy praise,
Or whatsoe're thou precious cal :
Gold is but drosse, pearls pebbles are
To what they shall be : there is no compare.

And how can it be otherwise, when they
Derive their lustre from His face ?
Not Sol himself shines at mid-day
With so illustrious a grace ;
For every grace which they have here,
Shal be a glory in in the highest sphere.

I care not then how I am vilified,
Or what the world doth make of me ;
Let men at pleasure me deride,
So that I may God's jewel be :
For though I now am trampled down,
Hee'le make me up a diamond in His crown.

TREASURES ONLY IN HEAVEN.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where theeves break thorow and steal; but lay up for yourselves

treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where theees do not break thorow nor steale.”—MATTH. VII., 19,, 20.

 IVE o're your greedinesse, muck-worms give
o're,

And trade no more;

For apes and peacocks, and such petty toyes
Are fit for boyes.

Men that have reason and religion too,
Scorne so to do ;

They count that voyage lost that brings
No better things.

For all the treasures of the earth will not
Make a man happy if they could be got.

Some think the Indies to the King of Spain
Bring little gaine,

And that our Seventh Henry was more wise
Them to despise,

Though offered to him ; this we know, that Prince
Is poorer since ;

And notwithstanding all his golden mines
He stil declines ;

For all those treasures which are fetcht from far,
When home they come are strait consum'd in
war.

What private man can then his riches boast ?

He that had most

Amongst us when our troubles first begun,

Is now undone ;

And he that since of thousands is possest,

Thought kept in's chest

Fast under lock and key, may soon be brought

Not worth a groat.

Thus Fortune's wheel is turning up and down,

To-day 'twil smile on thee, to-morrow frown.

Who then of this world's wealth would guilty bee,

Sinee that we see

No certaintie in riches can be had ?

That man is mad

Who seeks to hedge the cuckoe in, and stay

What wil away.

For riches, wings unto themselves do make,

And their flight take,

Like th' eagle towards heaven¹ ; none can hold

Or clip their wings though they be made of gold.

Be wise, and lay up treasures that are sure

And wil endure

In spite of fraud or force. Heaven's the place

The treasures, grace.

1. Proverbs xxiii. 5. G.

When all your temporal estates do perish,
 This stil shal flourish.

How much it doth all earthly goods excel,
 I canntor tell ;

But this I can assure you, there is none
Can bring it under sequestration.

Travel by sea or land, go where you will,
 'Tis with you still ;

It costs you nought the portage, nor will make
 Your back to ake.

No burthen 'tis, but full of ease and joy
 In the convoy.

No soldier nor pirate can it force,
 Or make divorce

'Twixt you and it. Once fix it in your heart,
And make much of it, it will ne're depart ;

But grow from grace to grace, and never cease
 For to increase,

Bringing fruits of piety and love,
 Making us move

Fast towards our center, Heaven, until our soul
 Knock at the pole

And enter into that eternal rest
 With all the blest

Society of saints and angels ; this
When all is done the only treasure is.

DOVE AND SERPENT.

"Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."—
MATTHEW x., 16.

NEXT to angels man created was,
 In knowledg and all parts he did surpass
 The other creatures; yet is such a fool
 Become by sin that he may go to school
 To birds and beasts ; the little ant and bee,
 Both thrift can teach him, and good husbandry :
 The serpent wisdom, the dove innocence,
 That to avoid, this to give no offence.
 That to prevent dangers before they fall,
 And this not to revenge a wrong at all.
 How farre is man to seek in both these kinds,
 He by too sad experience daily finds.
 Into a world of mischiefs he doth run,
 Undoing others, and himself undone
 Some serpent's craft he hath, but not the love,
 The candour, and the mildnesse of the dove ;
 That hath took wing long since and fled away,
 Nought but the serpent's sting doth stay.
 Malice enongh to be reveng'd, but none
 Of the true wisdome of the beast ; that's gone.
 My God ! Who didst both these at first instil
 In dove and serpent ; let it be Thy wil

T' infuse them both in me, that I may live
 So innocent, as no offence I give
 To others, and so prudent too, that I
 May not to injuries exposèd lie.

CHRIST CALUMNIATED.

“Behold a man gluttonous, and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners.”—MATTH. xi., 19.



HY should I think to be
 From calumny or slander free,
 When I see men afford
 No better language to my Lord ?
 My Lord though free from sin,
 Free from detraction hath not been :
 If to a feast He come,
 He is a glutton called by some.
 If wine He drink, O then they erie
 He is a drunkard presently ;
 If He converse with common people, then
 He's friend to publicans and sinful men.
 My God ! since Thou didst bear
 Such vile reproaches, I'l not fear
 The like, nor be asham'd
 By wicked men to be defam'd:
 It is the godlie's lot,
 A blessing rather then a blot.
 Their tongue no slander is,

They kill me when they kiss.
 When they revile, I'm ne're the worse
 When they commend me, 'tis a curse.
 Their commendation is a sign that I
 Too much with their ill courses do comply.

Let them then do their worst,
 And swell with poison till they burst,
 Spit all their venom on me,
 Till they believe they have undone me,
 Cast all the dirt they can
 To make me like them, a bad man ;
 It shall not trouble me,
 Since so they servèd Thee.
 My Lord and Master suffered so,
 Why should I scot-free think to go ?
 Whiles Thou art witness of my innocence
 I'l take it for a favour, no offence.

CHRIST'S CUP.

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup passe from me : nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt."—MATTH. XXVI., 39.

 ORD ! what a bitter draught this was,
 Which made Thee pray
 Thy Father thrice that it might passe
 From Thee away ?
 'Twas deadly poison fil'd the glasse.

Thy Father's wrath, and our sins were
Both in one cup;
Who then could blame Thee for to fear
To drink it up,
Or pray it might not Thee come near?

Yet such Thy love to man was, and
Thy duty to
Thy Father, Thou wouldst not withstand
His wil, but do
What e're it pleased Him to command
Though it displeasing were to Thine
As flesh and blood,
Thou saidst 'Thy will be done, not mine.'
I think it good
This cup no longer to decline.

My God, it is my purpose now
Sin to detest,
And never more it room allow
Within my brest,
Since with 't Thy cup did overflow.

But if to me dispos'd Thou art
Some of the gall
And bitter poison to impart,
I'll take it all,
And pledge my Lord with all my heart.

And good cause why since I am sure,
 That on the Crosse
 Thou drank'st the dregs, I may endure
 A gentle dose,
 'Twil not my corr'sive be but cure.

THE BLIND MAN.

"The blind man said unto Jesus, Lord, that I may receive my sight.—MARK x. 51.

 HAT wouldst thou see poor man, that thou wouldst fain
 Receive thy sight again ?
 Should Beauty be thy object ? That's a fire
 Wil kindle loose desire,
 And put thy soul out, making thee in minde
 As in thy body blind.
 I made a covenant with mine eye, Job said,
 Not once to look on maid.¹
 If then to gaze on Beauty thou delight,
 Thou'dst better want thy sight.
 What wouldst thou see poor man, that thou wouldst fain
 Receive thy sight again ?

1, Job xxxi. 1. G.

Should Riches be thy object? they entice
 Unto a baser vice,
 And make thee poorer then thou wast before
 By coveting of more;
 Wishing with Achan for that wedge of gold,
 Thou didst but now behold;
 Or else with Ahab, longing to be Lord
 Of Naboth, his Vineyard.
 If then to gaze on Riches thou delight,
 Thou'dst better want thy sight.

What would'st thou see poor man, that thou
 wouldst fain
 Receive thy sight again?

Should Honour be thy object? That's a thing
 No true content can bring,
 But puffe thee up with an ambitious rage,
 And to high acts engage,
 With Herod, law and justice trampling downe
 Thereby to gain a crown;
 Til Icarus¹ his fal become thy fate,
 And thou repent too late,
 If then to gaze on Honour thou delight,
 Thou'dst better want thy sight.

1. Ovid, *Met.* viii. 195. G.

What wouldst thou see poor man, that thou
wouldst fain

Receive thy sight again ?

Should Jesus be thy object ? He is one
Worth looking on alone ;

For hadst thou eies, in's person thou mightest see
Both God and man to be ;

Humilitie his majestic did shade,

When He a man was made ;

Thou couldst not see His face, and live before
That flesh had veil'd Him o're ;

As friend with friend, so thou maist with Him talk
As Moses once ; and walk

As Enoch did, but more familiarly,
Since He's a man like thee

In all but sin ; in Him as in a glass
We see God face to face.

The Godhead bodily in Him doth dwel,
Of life He is the well,

The way to heaven, the spring of grace and glory.
O 'tis too long a story

To tell thee what He is, so great's His worth
No pen can set it forth

Though snatcht from angel's wing ; wel maist
thou pray

To see this Star of Day,

This Sun of Righteousness which with His raies
 Produceth endless joies.
 If then to gaze on Jesus thou delight,
 'Twere best to be all sight.
 Pray still that He would give thee the fruition
 Of this thrice happy vision.

PETER'S PRAYER.

*“Lord, depart from me, for I am a sinful man.”—
 LUKE v., 8.*

ORD ! Thou art just, I am a sinful man,
 Thou art as fire, and I as tow, how can
 We meet together, but I needs must be
 Consum'd to dust and ashes strait by Thee ?
 Since I so frail am, Thou so furious art,
 Have I not cause to pray Thee Lord depart ?

Yet Thou art merciful as well as just,
 And he from whom Thou partest perish must.
 As I do fear Thy justice, so do I
 Thy mercie want to help my miserie ;
 Have I not then far greater cause to pray
 That Thou wouldest not depart, but with me stay ?

My God, in Thee both attributes combine,
 Enough for me if one of them be mine ;

Thus Thou whose presence heaven and earth doth
fill,¹

Must go from me, and yet be with me stil ;
Whiles I am sinful, Justice get thee gone,
Mercy be thou my sole companion.

AN APOSTLE A DEVIL.

"Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?"—JOHN vi., 70.

 OT chance, but choice, did first Apostles
make ;
Christ did not them at all adventures take :
But as His heavenly wisdome thought most fit,
For His own purpose, so He order'd it.
He raisèd not an army for to fight
And force Religion, but did men invite
By gentle means ; twelve of the simpler sort
Serv'd to make up His train, and kept His court ;
His Father could—if so He had been bent—
Have more then twelve legions of angels sent
To wait upon Him, but He was inclin'd
To put off state, and put on a meek mind ;
That so the world condemnèd by man's pride
Might by an humble God be justified.

1. Misprinted 'still.' G.

These twelve thus chosen were enabled too
By power divine all miracles to do,
All languages to speak, and by His word
All nations to turn unto the Lord.
Let the pretenders then unto the Spirit
Prove by the like effects, that they inherit
Th' Apostles preaching office, and we shall
Obey their voice, and hearken to their call ;
But whiles they speak no language but their own,
Nor any miracles to work are knowne,
Yet take upon them the Apostles places
To teach and preach, though void of all their graces,
Have we not reason then to think, that they
Who enter not by th' door but some back-way
Into the sheepfold, and not callèd dare
Intrude thus boldly—no true shepherds are,
But wolves, that under a false vizard creepe,
Not to instruct, but to devour the sheep ?
But who would ever have imaginèd
One of Christ's Colledg, which had Christ for Head
And Founder too, should divil turne, and be
A traitor to his master ? Yet we see
One of these twelve, that could preach very wel
And wonders work, his own deer Lord did sel
For a smal matter ; thus the best of things
Corrupted once, the worst contagion brings.
What place or person can be free from vice

Which seisèd on man even in paradise,
Crept into heaven and angels caus'd to fall
Made them and an Apostle divels all ?
To gather Churches then's a vaine attempt
As if you could have any quite exempt.
From sinful men ; when do what e're you can
The hypocrite will be the holy man,
And put as good a face on't as the best
Purge ne're so much your body, there will rest
Some noxious humours in't, some Judas wil
In spite of you lie lurking in it stil.
Christ's Church is likened by Him to a field
Which tares and wheat confusedly doth yeeld
And He commandeth us to let both grow
Together till the harvest, lest that now
By hastie separation, e're the day,¹
We not good husbands,² but the wild bores play,
Rooting up both, whereas they both should stand,
And waite the weeding of the Angels' hand.
You'l say by tares is meant the hypocrite,
Which cannot be discernèd by our sight,
Being only knowne to God ; and therefore we
May mix with him in our society ;
Whereas the wicked is so easily known

1. Matthew xiii., 30. G. 2. Husbandmen. G.

We may and ought shun his communion.
Why then did Christ into his fellowship
Take Judas, suffer him to kisse his lip
Call him by th' name of friend, nay give him leave
The holy Sacrament for to receive ;
Although He knew his heart, and all the evil
He had conceiv'd, which made him up a devil ?
And so no hypocrite to Christ was he ;
What shall we purer then our Saviour be ?
'Tis true, the childrens bread should not be cast
To dogs, yet of the crumbs the dogs may taste ;¹
And who knowes but the tasting of them may
Turn dogs to Christians ere they goe away ?
The Word alone, converts a wicked mind,
Much more the Word and Sacrament combind ;
Both holy be : and if we must forbear,
To give the Sacrament to some for fear
Of profanation, why do we dispense
The Word to all men without difference ?
Or if we must not give it 'cause it may
Prove death to some that take it the wrong way ;
The very same may of the Word be said,
Therefore to preach it we should be afraid
To mixèd congregations, lest that some

Should worser then they were before become
This only so falls out by accident
'Tis neither in the Word nor Sacrament :
God commonly by them grace on us pours ;
If it prove death, the fault's not theirs, but ours.
It is the duty then of every one,
To fit himself for this communion;
And if the minister the danger tell
Of taking it unworthily, 'tis wel ;
His own soul he delivers if he do it,
Upon their peril 'tis that wil come to it.
We wish the Church invested were again
With power, notorious sinners to restraine,
And excommunicate them too ; til then
We may reprove, but not correct, these men :
It is our heart's desire, and we pray
That every one rightly receive it may ;
And that no Judas any more may be
Admitted to this blest society ;
But this is rather to be wisht then found
In this craz'd age, when more are sick then sound.
More traitors then are faithful, twelve to one,
How can we then make separation ?
For if we wil not partial be, but just,
Scaree one of twelve into our flock we must
Receive ; and then how many little flocks
Wil there be of us, subject to the mocks

Of all our enemies ? and whiles that each
 Intends his own particular, the breach
 Wil wider grow i' th' general, and we
 May seek a Church, but stil to seek shal be.

THE BEST HARBINGER.

“I go to prepare a place for you.”—JOHN XIV., 2.

HAT a high favour's this,
 That God should be man's harbinger to
 blisse !

When John prepar'd the way before Thy face,
 O Christ ! 'twas no smal grace
 Unto the Baptist then ;
 Much greater dost Thou now bestow on men,
 In that Thou goe'st before to make us roome
 In heaven against we come.

Lord ! we were not more glad
 At Thy first coming then we should be sad
 At Thy departure ; didst not Thou impart
 This cordial to our heart,
 Clearing our spirits thus,
 That Thou possession tak'st of heaven for us ;
 Thou in our flesh hast entered there, and we
 By vertue thereof be

Assurèd of our places,
As soone as ever we have run our races ;
With all the patriarchs we shall sit down
And there receive our crown.

It is then fit and just
That we should think of shaking off our dust,
And laying downe our earthly tabernacles,
Which are to us as shackles,

And hinder our soul's flight
To those blest mansions which are ours by right,
Let us not dreame of setting up our rest
Til w' are of heaven possest.

That is our center, that
Our country is, our proper place, whereat
All our endeavours must aim, since we are ne're
At home till we come there.

O Thou that art the Way,
And went'st the way before us, grant we may
Follow Thy steps so close that in the end
We may that place ascend.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."—JOHN
xiv., 6.

I came from heaven to be your guide, and I
Am He by whom your path to heaven doth lie,
The steps I trod on earth are th' only right
Way to those mansions of most glorious light ;
The doctrine which I taught you is the whole
Truth which if follow'd wel, will save your soul,
And bring you to those joyes shall never end,
The joyes to which blest spirits doe ascend ;
Life without death, to that your hopes must tend.

CHRIST PERSECUTED IN HIS MEMBERS.

“ *Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?* ”—Acts ix., 4.

 EVER was union seene
 So strict as that between
 Christ and his members ; though in heaven
 He be,
 And we on earth, yet see
 We cannot suffer here but strait He cryes
 And feels our miseries,
 As if they were His own :
 So wel to Him th' are known,
 That what e're persecutions we sustain,
 He hath the greatest share and wil complaine,

Talk not what vertue lies
 In secret sympathies,
 As that between the loadstone and the steele
 Which do at distance feele
 Each other's force, and by an innate love
 This unto that will move,¹
 Or that betwixt the wound
 And Talbot-powder found;²
 Or of that sensitive plant whose vertue's such,
 That it contracts itself at every touch.

All these, though very rare,
 Secrets in nature are ;
 But grace a stronger sympathy doth make
 'Twixt Christ and us : we take
 New life from Him as He took flesh from us.
 We now are one ; and thus
 Our wounds are His, our smart
 Grieves Him unto the heart ;
 Who touch us, touch the apple of His eye³
 A tender part, how can He chose but cry ?

1. Cf. ancient Samuel Ward's vivid and still vital treatise on the Loadstone. G.

2. Cf. Sir Thomas Browne *sub voce*. G.

3. Zech. ii., 8. G.

You then that persecute
And all your arrowes shoot
Against the truly Christian, know that you
One day shall deerly rue
And pay for this your spite, your arrowes all
On your own head shal fall ;
You'l find it hard to kick
Against the sharpest prick ;
And whiles you aime at man, you shoot far wide,
Hitting your God thorow your brother's side.

Why then my soul art thou
So sad, because that now
By wicked men thou persecuted art ?
Thy Saviour bears a part,
And wil revenge thy cause against thy foes ;
His hand thy wounds wil close,
As though His own they were,
No more their malice fear ;
For let them do the worst to thee they can,
Since that thy fellow-suff'rer's God and man.



THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

“What, know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God; and yet are not your own?—1 COR. vi., 19.



ORD! what an humble God art Thou,
Thus to descend
And be my friend,
Yea, more then friend, mine inmate now?

Dost not enough Thyself abase,
To look on me,
But I must be
Thy temple and Thy dwelling-place?

This my vile body Thou dost take,
And thinkest fit
To honour it,
And for Thy use a house it make.

Henceforth I'l prize this house of Thine
At a high rate,
Being consecrate
To Thee, and count it no more mine.

Nor any part thereof shall be
An instrument

To sin, but bent
In holy wayes to wait on Thee.

The windowes in 't shall be mine eyes,
Through which I'l see
My God, Thou me ;
My tongue shall offer sacrifice.

My lips the calves which I will pay
To Thee my Lord,
And every word
Well-weigh'd I'l on Thine altar lay,

My lungs the bellowes which shall blow
The holy fire
Of my desire,
Till to a lively flame it grow.

My prayer as incense shall ascend,
And every room
In me perfume,
That no ill savour Thee offend.

My heart shall be the holocaust,
My hands shall bring
An offering
And all shall serve the Holy Ghost.

FEAR OF FALLING.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."—1 Cor. x., 12.

 ET none presume he stands so fast,
 But that he may fall first or last :

The most confirm'd in grace
 Stands in a slippr'y place:
 He treads on ice, and if he take not care
 Unto his steps, is down e're he's aware.

'Tis hard to keep a middle-way
 'Twixt two extremes, and never stray,
 Since to the worst, man's mind
 By nature is inclind ;
 Each vertue hath two vices on both sides,
 'Tis odds, that into one of them he slides.

So many snares, so many evils,
 So many doubts, so many divels
 Environ him about,
 That be he ne're so stout,
 His faith may faile, his feet may slip awry,
 And he soon fall from his integrity.

David that was so great, so good,
 And highly in God's favour stood,
 In two such sins he fell

As might have dam'd him well,
 But that in mercy God pleas'd to restore
 Him to that state that he was in before.

Peter though he a pillar were
 Of th' Church, his Master did forswear :
 Such power had fear to make
 His former faith to shake.

Thus he who stood the day before so strong
 Thus to his grief and shame laid all along.

I will not be too confident
 Of my fast-footing, but content
 My faith and fear should stand
 Together hand in hand,
 That fear may keep my faith from being too bold.
 And faith my fear from losing of its hold.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE NOT IN THIS LIFE.

"If in this life only we have hopes of Christ, then were wee of all men most miserable."—1 COR. xv., 19.

 E were of things the worst
 And most accurst
 If in this life my happiness did end;
 Beasts and birds me exceed

152 THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE NOT IN THIS LIFE.

In strength, in speed,
The divels me in knowledg far transcend.

The wicked in sports swim
Up to the brim,
The epicure abounds in carnal pleasure ;
Th' ambitious man is crown'd
With honours round ;
The covetous augments his daily treasure.

My conscience will not let
Me riches get
As others do, by rapine and deceit ;
Both wayes it checks me in
Saying 'tis sin,
And warnes me of the hook under the bait.

As sparks do upward fly
Even so am I
To troubles born¹ ; at every turn we meet :
Reproach and ignom[in]y
My honours be ;
My wealth serves but to buy a winding-sheet
Yet courage take my soul,
Let faith controul
Thy reason : let it fix thy thoughts elsewhere ;

These worldly things ne're can
 Make happy man ;
 Thy happiness comes from a higher sphere.

With holy Job then know,
 Though thou art low,
 Thy head's as high as heaven ; there lives He
 Who thy Redeemer is,
 And that thy bliss
 In seeing Him with these same eyes shal be,¹

Worldly delights begone !
 In Him alone
 All wealth, all honor, and all pleasure lies
 No sorrowes then shall rest
 Within my brest,
 His hand shal wipe all tears from my sad eyes.

His hand my head shall raise,
 And crown with joyes,
 Such joies no eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
 No tongue of men can tell
 Nor angels well,
 Only to feel them shall be my reward.

PAUL'S PARADOX.

"When I am weake, then I am strong."—2 COR.
XII., 10.



HAT paradox is this that there should be
Weakness and strength at the same time
in me ?

A paradox to nature, not to grace,
Where without contradiction both have place ;
When I am weak in body, then I find
That I am strong i'th' vertues of the mind ;
And when I am brought by affliction low,
Then I in spiritual comforts high do grow,
When of myself I cannot go nor stand,
Yet I supported by God's heavenly hand
Can safely travel through a world of wo,
Yea, through the valley of death's shadow go
And fear no ill ; walk through a sea of troubles,
Yet never sink, counting the waves but bubbles,
Which my faith blowes away ; my hope doth sound
The greatest depths, and even touch the ground ;
When I am ready to be swallowed by
Death's greedy jawes, faith sets me up on high
Like Moses on Mount Pisgah, whence I can
Behold a better land of Canaan ;

And enter too, where I with joy shall see
 His glories in a blest eternity.
 If so much strength to weakness doth belong,
 Lord make me weak that Thou maist make me
 strong.

THE THREE LIVES OF A CHRISTIAN.

“ Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave his life for me.”—GAL. II., 20

BEHOLD the priviledg of a Christian
 Above another man
 Both tenants to one Lord,
 Yet in their tenures they do not accord :
 One hath two lives in present, and the third
 In future, but confirm'd by God's own Word.

The life of nature first, the life of grace
 Takes up the second place;
 The life of glory last,
 Which comes not till the other two are past.
 The Christian esteems the natural
 Compar'd with th' other nothing worth at all.

The natural man in present hath but one,
And in reversion none ;
Yet he doth so depend
Upon that one as if it ne're would end.
Not once considering how each trivial thing
Serves to draw on its speedy ruining.

And as the beasts that perish so shal he
To dust dissolvèd be ;
Yea, a worse mischief shall
After this life this wretched man befall,
Of his unhappiness it being the least
That his short breath expireth like the beast.

For his one life a double death shall have ;
His body in the grave,
His soul in hell shall lye
A second death that's to eternity,
A miserable man he is indeed,
Whose single short life two long deaths succeed.

I will account no more this life of mine
To be my own, but Thine ;
Not I, but Thou dost live
In me, who for me, Lord, Thy self didst give.
It was Thy love that made Thee dye for me,
It is my faith that makes me live in Thee.

THE RACE.

"I count not myselfe to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—PHIL. III., 13, 14.

 HIS life is like a race,
Where every one's a runner, and the
prize
A crown of Glory: Heaven's the place
Where the mark is set before our eyes.

I who have not as yet
Scarce run out half the way, must not sit down
And think I've done enough, but sweat
And labour hard to get the crown.

Nor may I cast an eye
Behind, to see how many I've out-run,
But with the foremost I must vie
And better end then I begun.

For if I fail at last,
When I have gone the greatest part o' th' race,
Or give off when the worst is past,
It will be much to my disgrace.

Nor is that all, but then
 Another man shall take my crown from me,
 And I with the faint-hearted men,
 Out of the lists quite cast shall be.

O Lord ! do Thou anoint
 Me with Thy oil of grace from top to toe,
 In every lim and every joint,
 That I may never weary grow.

But persevering in
 My course with vigorous and active strength,
 May be so happy as to win
 The goal first, and the crown at length.

NO CONTINUING CITY.

"Here we have no continuing City, but we seek one to come."—HEB. XIII., 14.



AN is a creature love's society,
 And cannot long alone be well,
 Hence God made Eve that she
 Might with him dwell.

From these two sprung
 A numerous family,
 That to a city grew ere long,
 And that impli'd strength and stability.

But see how soon this city came to nought,
Being destroy'd with its own weight ;
And by division brought
To ruine strait.

Then how can we,
A city have that's strong
Or permanent ? It cannot be
What's made with hands should e're continue long.

The best is made with lime and stone, how then
Can that which is compact of such
Frail matter, last ? yet men
Are frailer much.

Those men that make
This city, are all cast
In moulds of clay, and do partake
Of earth themselves : such vessels cannot last.

Nor they, nor yet their city can endure ;
Many mishaps there be will end them,
To perish they are sure,
None can defend them.

Each little thing
To pieces breaks their frame,
A very wind, a breath will bring
Them to that nothing whence at first they came.

Yet whiles their worst part crumbles to the dust
And falls to ashes in their urn,
Their souls immortal must
To God return.

That God hath made
A city without hands
For them, which ne're shall fail nor fade :
Unmoveable its vast foundation stands.

A most magnificent and glorious place,
Which they that see't can scarce set forth,
Or give it half the grace
As to its worth.

There God keeps court,
Millions on either side
Of saints and angels do resort
To wait on Him ; this city's wondrous wide.

The least of all those many mansions there
Our greatest cities far transcend,
Each one's a kingdom which shall ne'er
Admit of end.

This then alone
Requires our chiefest care
In seeking it, for there is none
On earth's round ball that can with it compare.¹

On this let's fix our thoughts, to this aspire,
 To this let all our actions tend,
 Be it our sole desire
 There to ascend :
 For all our bliss
 God hath reserv'd above,
 Our happiness there seated is,
 There is our treasure, there must be our love.

FAITH AND WORKS.

“Wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?”—JAMES II., 20.

 EARK, vain man, heark, what the Apostle saith,
 And do not boast so much of thy great faith ;
 For though 'twere able mountains to remove,
 'Tis nothing worth unless it work by love ;
 Love is the life of it, 'tis that alone
 Which quickens it, or else 'tis dead, 'tis none.
 That man who breaths not at the mouth a jot,
 Whose heart no motion hath, whose pulse beats
 not.
 We say is dead ; the like we may infer
 Concerning faith, that's dead which doth not stir :
 If it be living, 'twill be active too,

What the heart thinks, mouth speaks, the hands
will do.

Let others shew their faith if that they please
Without their works, while I shew mine by these.
First my religion shall be pure, and then
Peaceable, if it be possible, with men ;
Forgiving wrongs, giving what I can spare
To those that want and in distresses are ;
I wil be feet to th' lame, eyes to the blind,
Helpful to all, and unto none unkind.
If thus my faith be qualifi'd, I shall
Approve it to myself, to God, to all.

CARE CAST ON GOD.

*“ Casting all your care upon God, for He careth
for you.”—1 PETER v., 7.*

OME heavy souls, opprest that are,
With doubts, and fears, and carking care,
Lay all your burthens down and see
Where's One that carried once a tree
Upon His back, and which is more,
A heavier weight, your sins He bore.
Think then how easily He can
Your sorrowes bear that's God and man :
Think too how willing He's to take
Your care on Him, who for your sake

Sweat bloody drops, pray'd, fasted, cry'd,
 Was bound, scourg'd, mockt, and crucifi'd,
 He that so much for you did do,
 Will yet do more, and care for you.

THE IMPARTIAL JUDGMENT.

“And I saw a great white Throne, and Him that sate on it, from whose face the Earth and the Heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, both small and great stand before God; and the Books were opened, and another Book was opened which is the Book of Life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the Books, according to their works.”—Rev. xx., 11, 12.

 AD I the art of painting like to him
 Who did the day of doom so lively limn,
 That when a heathen prince beheld the
 same,
 With terror struck, a Christian he became;
 Thus would I set it forth unto your eye.
 The heavens should put on a sable dye,
 Mask'd with the blackest vail of thickest clouds,
 Which to the sun, moon, stars should be as shrowds
 To muffle them in one continued night,
 Not once affording the least spark of light,

Hiding their heads as 'sham'd or griev'd to see
The horrid sins of men which then should be
Made manifest and naked to the world,
And the dire plagues that on them should be
hurl'd :

From this sad object let your eye retire
To th' other side and see the earth on fire,
The sea all blood, the throne of God on high,
Whereon He sits in glorious majesty,
Legions of angels Him surrounding there,
Millions of men that newly raisèd were
Out of their sepulchres, by His command,
To hear their final sentence trembling stand :
Below the devils in their various shapes
Of hideous monsters, and hel's mouth wide gapes,
Casting forth flames of sulphur and thick smoak :
Enough to blot out heaven, and earth to choak.
As soon as God hath said, "Ye cursed go
Int' everlasting fire,"¹ the devils lo
Are ready strait, and drag them down to hell,
Where they in torments infinite must dwell.
But since Apelles skill I want to make
This picture right, I shall be bold to take
A copy from the pencil of Saint John,
As here I find in his vision.

I saw, saith he, a throne both white and great
Of God Almighty : 'twas the Judgment-seat ;
Mysterious in the colour, which was white,
'Cause justice should be innocent and bright.
Not like to Herod's throne, that was dy'd red
With blood of infants which he massacred ;
Nor sullied o'er with falsehood and with wrong,
But like the milky way, clear all along.
As white for colour was this stately throne,
So great for quantity, whereby is shoun
The greatness of the Judg that thereon sits,
Past th' apprehension of the greatest wits.
For such is His immensity none can
His measure take ; beyond the reach of man.
No power then His justice can withstand,
Whose power doth both heaven and earth command ;
For heaven and earth there shall be found no place,
When He appears they both flee from His face ;
His face the sight whereof is heaven alone,
And joyes beyond imagination,
“ I saw,” saith He “ the dead both great and small
Stand before God the Judg impartial ; ”
His judgments are a great deep, into which
All fall alike, the poor, as well as rich,
The small as great ; there not a cobweb lies,
Through which huge sinners, like to greater flies,
A passage force, while lesser stick behind

As prisoners, and no way t' escape can find ;
Not a net there, in which the lesser fry
Of sinners, like to fishes may espy
Holes to slip out, whiles that the greater be
Intangled without hopes of getting free ;
No, this great Judg doth smal and great convent
Before the highest court of Parliament,
From which are no appeals, but all must rest
Irrevocable, be they curst or blest.
There's no resisting, the stiff knee must bend,
And the stout heart from his high thoughts descend
And listen to his doom. You shall see there
Great Alexander quaking stand for fear,
He who the world once conquered, and did weep,
For want of more, now in a hole would creep,
And give that world which he had conquered
For one small corner in't to hide his head,
And all that wealth he got, to clear the guilt
Of all the blood which his vain-glory spilt.
There shall you see that Absolom the fair,
Who hanged was in his proud dangling hair
Confounded stand, expecting when to hear
A heavier judgment thundring in his ear,
Condemning him to hang in hell's hot'st fire,
'Cause to his father's throne he did aspire.
There shal you see King Ahab who by's wife
Rob'd Naboth of his vineyard and his life.

And that lewd woman Jezabel his queen
'Mongst many of her sex shall there be seen,
And for her witchcrafts, pride, and painting sent
To Pluto's court to have her punishment ;
There shall you see Doeg, who in pretence
Of holy vows did work no small offence ;
For by his malice he with Saul so wrought,
That more then four score priests to death he brought;
There shall you see the Sodomites that burn'd
In lust unnat'ral, and to ashes turn'd
By fire from heaven ; but now the Lord shall send
A fire from hell to burn them without end.
There shall you see those three presumptuous men,
Core and his complices appear agen
Who for their striving against Moses, and
'Gainst Aaron too, do stigmatizèd stand
To all posterity ; as th' earth before,
So now hell gapes to swallow them once more.
There shall you see Uzziah, though a king,
Condemned for his incense offering,
And taking on him the priest's function
Whereto he had no right nor unction.
There shal you see Antiochus the Great,
Who did commit that sacriligious feat
In robbing of the temple, doom'd to pains
Proportioned to his unlawful gaines.
There shall you see that glutton who did fare

Deliciously each day, and purple wear,
Suffering poor Lazarus to starve the while,
Begging himself now in an humble style
But for a cup of water to asswage
The furious flames that on his tongue do rage ;
And justly shal that tongue such torments bear,
Which pleas'd itself so much in dainty chear.
There shall you see that Phocas who did slay
Mauritius his master to make way
For his ambition to ascend the throne¹
Descend into the deepest dungeon
Of Belzebub's black vault, perpetually
To suffer pains for his damn'd treachery.
There you the traitor Judas shall behold,
Who his dear Lord for thirty pieces sold.
There you shall see those prophets that pretend
To inspiration, and uncall'd ascend
The pulpit, venting of old herisies
And most abominable blasphemies,
Under the notion of new lights, these shall
To utter darkness be condemned all.
For I beheld the books wide opened were ;

1. To Mauricius (not Mauritius) must be added his five sons, as victims of the most blood-thirsty of the rulers of Constantinople. Cf. Zonar, ii., 77 *et alibi*, (Paris) : Simocatta, viii., c. 7. G.

Another book, the Book of Life was there
Laid open too, infallible records,
Wherein were written all the deeds and words,
And thoughts, and names of men, which shall be
read
In publick then, and they be punished,
Or else rewarded with great woes and joyes
According unto all their works and wayes.







UPON A SNAKE IN A GARDEN OF
FLOWERS HAVING STUNG ONE THAT
TROD UPON HIM UNAWARES.

WHO thought this snake would e're have found
An entrance into this inclosèd ground,
Or that a serpent here should hide his head
Under this sweet and flowry bed :

But 'tis no newes, for long ago
(It was the divels trick man to entice)
A greater serpent made its way into
A better garden, Paradise.

And ever since there is no place
Of pleasure which we would inappropriate,
But that therein the serpent showes his face,
Though we discover him too late.

We see him not before we feel
That we by his envenom'd teeth are bit,

And when, Achilles-like, w'are hurt i'th' heel,¹
We seek for balsom to cure it.

Better it were if we took heed,
How to avoid the serpent e're he stung ;
So should we feel no pain, nor medicine need,
But safely sit our flowers among.

Whiles we securely take delight,
Amidst our many sweet and fragrant flowers
The devill serpent turnes, and doth us bite,
And with sharp pains our pleasure sowrs.

Let us look then before we leap,
And timely seek the danger to prevent,
Lest we instead of joyes do sorrowes reap
And when it is too late repent.

UPON DIVINE LOVE.

HOW strong is love ! what tongue expresse
it can,
Or heart conceive, since it made God a man ?
How strong is love ! which made the God-man dye,
That man might live with God eternally ?
Lord ! let this love of Thine my heart inspire

1. Fulgent. *Mythol* iii. 7 : Stat. *Achill* i. 269 : Gale's
Court of the Gentiles. s. n. G.

With love again, as sparks rise from the fire.
 Thy love's a sun, give me a beam from thence,
 Which may both light and heat alike dispence,
 Light to direct others the surest way
 That leads to heaven and everlasting joy :
 Heat to preserve in me a constant motion
 Of fervent zeal to Thee, and pure devotion ;
 That all my thoughts, words, actions, may prove
 There is no passion half so strong as love.
 A passion is't ? a divine vertue rather,
 Which from a deity springs, and calls God Father;
 Yea, love is God, and God is love : O then
 Adore, but not profane it with thy pen !

THE ECCHO, OR ANSWER OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE.



HAT'S a good conscience, Eccho, canst say?

Ay !

Say then, and what 'tis manifest. *A feast !*
 Where is't ? i'th' understanding wholly ? *O lye !*
 Is it then, Eccho, in my brest ? *My rest !*
 Rest ? is't from pain or sin, say whether ? *Either !*
 If both, 'tis heaven on earth, a saint's bliss. *Yes !*
 Is't in our own or others powers ? *Ours !*
 O then a jewel 'tis, rich and bright. *Right !*

Then tell me how shall I come by it? *Buy it.*
 If gold will buy't gold I'l provide. *O wide!*
 If gold will not, what else will do it? *Do it!*
 It's not enough that I believe well? *Live well!*
 Dos't not consist in good affections? *Actions!*
 To get it are good works the best way? *Ay!*
 How long must this be my endeavour? *Ever!*

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE CONCERNING
 THE JOYES OF HEAVEN AND THE
 PAINES OF HELL.

DAMON, PHILLIS.

Phillis.

Damon, S'T true, or do they fain
 Who say that we shall live again
 After w' are dead?

Damon.

Phillis, 'tis so,
 That thou and I, and all must go

To another world, where we
In endless joyes or pains must be.

Phillis.

Damon, I prethee Damon tell,
How call'st thou it?

Damon.

Heaven or hell.

Phillis.

What is heaven, Damon ? say

Damon.

A place where all year is May
Where every bird doth sit and sing
Continually, as in the Spring,
Where are always to be seen
Flow'ry meadows, pastures green :
Where many springs and fountaines meet,
As chrystal cleer, and hony sweet;
Rich flocks, whose fleeces are of gold,
And whose flesh never wil grow old,
But the ewe is as tender there,
As the new fallen lamb is here.
The shepherd needs not watch to keep
Either from wolfe or bear, his sheep.

No beast comes there that's fierce or wild,
 They are all innocent and mild ;
 No grief nor want amongst them found,
 But all are wel, and safe and sound.
 Our roundelayes harsh discords be
 Unto their sweetest harmonie,
 Beyond the musick of the spheares.
 O thou wouldest wish to be all ears.
 Our feasts, if we to theirs compare,
 Not feasts, but rather fasts they are :
 Their food so ful yet without waste
 O thou wouldest wish to be all taste !

Phillis.

O happie place, be thou my guide
 That I may ever there abide,
 But once more Damon, prethee tell,
 What is that place thou callest hel ?

Damon.

A dismal place, where is no light,
 'Tis alwaies winter, alwaies night,
 Where vultures feed on men, and where
 The screech-owle cryeth all the year,
 The ground with flames is parcht about,
 Like those mount Etna sendeth out ;
 No flowers nor wholesome herbs are seen ;

Not any that are sweet or green
Grow in that soile, which nought else breeds
But hemlock, and such poisonous weeds,
Which whoso tastes, he soon goes sad,
And thorow deep despair runs mad ;
No fountain, but one standing ditch,
Whose water is as black as pitch,
Bitter as gall, so foul doth stink,
That you may smel't before you drink ;
But if you drink, it poisons you,
And makes you black as itself too.
There be no sheep, but goats, whose hair
Doth like horse bristles wildely stare.
They're old and tough, and monstrous evil,
Fit meat for none, but for the divel.
Pandora's box there opened first,
Hath made the place e're since accurst
With all diseases, which do stil
Much torment cause, yet never kil ;
Th' inhabitants there never dye,
But in quenchlesse fire they fry ;
Their best musick is the groans
And howlings of the damned ones ;
Instead of feasting on good meat
The worm of conscience doth them eate ;
Like Tantalus, fruit they may see,
Yet never taste but starved be.

Phil.

O wretched place ! be thou my guide,
That I may never there abide.

UPON THE PEOPLES DENYING OF TYTHES
IN SOME PLACES, AND EJECTING
THEIR PASTORS.

HE shepherd hertofore did keep
And watch the sheep :
Whiles they poor creatures did rejoice
To hear his voice ;
But now, they that were us'd to stray,
Do know the way
So perfectly, that they can guide
The shepherd, when he goes aside.

To pay the tenth fleece they refuse,
As shepherd's dues ;
They know a trick worth two of that,
They can grow fat,
And wear their fleece on their own back,
But let him lack
Meat, drink, and cloth, and every thing
Which should support and comfort bring.

What silly animals be these,
Themselves to please
With fancies, that they nothing need,
But safely feed
Without the shepherd's careful eye?
When lo! they die
E're they be ware being made a prey
Unto the wolfe by night and day.

Besides, they're subject to the rot,
Aud God knowes what
Diseases more, which they endure,
And none can cure
But the shepherd's skilful hand;
In need they stand
Of his physick and his power
To heale and help them every hour.

The danger set before their eyes,
Let them be wise,
Not trusting to their own direction,
Nor protection,
But to his rod, his staffe submit;
His art, his wit
For every sore a salve hath found,
And wil preserve them safe and sound.

THE SOUL'S WISH.



HOW I long to be dissolv'd, and see
 This mortal put on immortalitie !
 Me thinks each day's a yeer, each year's
 an age
 Till I arrive at that most glorious stage
 Of heaven, where saints and martyrs gazing on,
 Look if I tread the same steps they have gone ;
 But I, like Drake,¹ so great a compasse take
 About the world, such strange meanders make,
 That they have got the goal in shorter space
 Then I have been in running half my race.
 So have I seen a christal streme to glide
 In various windings by a meadowes side,
 Making a thousand paces 'bout the shore,
 Which in a strait line had not been twelve score.
 O my deer God ! cast down those banks of sin
 That interrupt my soul from running in
 An even channel to Thy sanctuary.
 Ad wings unto my feet which soon may carry
 Unto her ark my dove-like spirit, blest,
 By being fixt i'th' center of all rest.

1. Cf. Lowndes, *sub nomine.* G.

UPON CHRIST'S COMING TO JUDGMENT.

TORD ! when Thou com'st to judg the world
with right,
Thou'lsteale upon us like a thief i'th' night,
Or like a flash of lightning from the skie,
Or like the suddain twinkling of an eye,
Or like the pains on woman, much about
The time when once that her account is out.
O let me like to that good husband watch,
Lest that the thief me unprepared catch ;
O let Thy grace be evermore my light,
That th' other lightning may not me affright.
O let mine eye be ever fixt on Thee,
That Thy last coming I with joy may see.
O let me cast up my accounts so well,
That I may never feel the pains of hel.

THE ANTIPODES.

WHY art so sad and sullen, O my muse !
That now to make a verse thou dost refuse ?
Must thou be mov'd by a reward to raise
Thy fancie up ? Lo here's a sprig of bayes
To make a lawrel ; if that wil not do it,
Meere indignation wil create a poet.
Art thou not angry yet at these mad times ?
Canst thou forbear to write satyric rhimes ?

A rod is good for mad-men in their fits,
'Twil them restrain, if not restore teir wits ;
The world is a great Bedlam, where men talke
Distractedly, and on their heads doe walk,
Treading antipodes to all the sages,
And sober-minded of the former ages.
They were content, good souls, with slender meat ;
Such as the garden yeilded they did eate :
A sallet, bread, and water fresh that ran
From the next spring, did dine a gentleman.
They were content, good souls, for to be clad
In skins which from the beasts back could be had ;
And so it did them from the cold defend
It was enough, they had no other end.
They were content to sit under the shade
Of their own vine, ne're offering to invade
Their neighbours, or take arms them to oppresse,
So they their own might quietly possesse.
They were content with such instructions as
From their own priests' and prophets' mouths did
 passe,
And with that fear and reverence did them hear,
As though the only oracles they were :
It was the golden age of the world then,
When merit and not mony raised men,
Grace was their gold, their hearts were the rich
 mine

Where vertues most transparently did shine.
Faces about now, and behold the sceane
Turn'd topsie turvie, all things changed cleane,
No fare contents us but what's fetcht from far,
And deerly bought, and cookt with curious care,
And dainty sauces ; thus with art we strive
Our appetites to kil, and to revive :
We of our bellies gods do make, and thus
Are gluttons beyond Heliogabulus.¹
No drink contents us but the richest wine,
And strongest beer, which we swill in like swine,
Keeping no meane, but quaffing round about,
Til all the wine's in, and the wit is out.
No clothes content us but the richest stiffe,
And costliest die, else 'tis not gay enough ;
Nay, it is nothing worth, unlesse the fashion
Come like queen Sheba, from a forraign nation.
We change our habits like the moon, our shapes
With Proteus, and are made the Frenchmens apes.
No living wil to us contentment yeild,
But we must stil be laying field to field,
Wishing this lordship, purchasing that farme ;
If money wanting be, then force of arm
Shall make it ours, or subtiltie of wit,

1. Rather Heliogabalus or Elagabalus, the infamous young Roman emperor. Dion. Cass. LXXVII., 30-41.

One way or other we wil compasse it.
No teaching now contents us the old way,
The lay-man is inspired every day,
Can pray and preach *ex tempore*; the priest
With all his learning is despis'd and hist
Out of the Church, and some have lately sed,¹
He should be shortly brought to beg his bread.
We've nothing of the golden age, unlesse
That gold's our grace, and gaine's our godlinessse;
Not manners now, but monie makes a man,
Yea many think it makes a Christian;
As if none were religious but the rich,
And the poor body damn'd were for a witch.
Dost see my muse the world turn'd upside down,
The prince on foot, whiles mounted is the clown;
The beggar now a purchaser, and hee
That was worth thousands, brought to beggerie?
Dost thou behold all this, and canst be mute?
Come take thy bow and arrowes, aim and shoot
The sharpest of them, cast thy keenest dart
At this mad age, and strike it to the heart;
Come dip thy pen in vinegar and gall,
And never leave til thou hast vented all
Thy just spleen on it: if it stil grow worse,
Let it expect not thine but God's great curse.

TO A GENTLEWOMAN WHO WAS
EXTREMELY TROUBLED WITH
THE TOOTH-ACH.

GRIEVE and wonder so great pain
You should from one small tooth sustaine,
That you can neither eate nor drink,
Nor all the night scarcee sleep a wink ;
Yet to your comfort, this I'll say,
That to hell pains 'tis but a toy,
A pleasure, if compar'd it were
To what the damnèd suffer there.
If in one tooth such anguish lies,
What torments from that fire arise !
This in a night or two is past,
But that doth infinitely last :
In this one member akes, no more,
In that, all members o're and o're:
In this, the body doth but smart,
In that, the soul too bears her part.
Think then that this is all the hell
Which you shal feele, and you are wel.

UPON A PASSING BEL.

HEARK how the passing bel
Rings out thy neighbour's knel,
And thou for want of wit
Or grace, ne're think'st on it,
Because thou yet art well.

Fool ! in two dayes or threc,
 The same may ring for thee ;
 For death's impartial dart
 Wil surely hit thy heart,
 He will not take a fee.

Since then he wil not spare,
 See thou thyself prepare
 Against that dreadful day
 When thou shalt turn to clay,
 This bell bids thee beware.

UPON THE SETTING OF A CLOCK-LARUM.

 WHAT a drowzie lump of flesh is man !
 Whose life being no longer then a span,
 Great part of that short span is past away
 In sleep, so that 'tis hard for us to say,
 Whether we live or no : for whiles that we
 Repose our selves, dead to our selves we be,
 Without all motion and intelligence,
 Till this shril larum quicken our dul sense,
 And make us living souls to th' day arise,
 Like Adam when he opened first his eyes.
 Yet this sleep's short and sweet, if we compare
 It to that other wherein many are
 Profoundly steep'd : a spiritual sleep in sin

The major part o'th' world is drowned in ;
 That but the body's nap we know to be,
 This the soul's everlasting lethargy,
 Unlesse God waken it ; to that intent
 He hath to man a treble larum sent ;
 His Word first from the prophet's mouth did beat
 A parley, and from sin sound a retreat,
 Saying "Thou sleeper wake, attention give
 To what I say ! hear and thy soul shall live;"¹
 Let not thy sins turn day into black night,
 "Rise from the dead and Christ shall give thee
 light."²

And lest this larum should not be of force
 From this dead sleep in sin to raise a course,
 He sets a second, that with secret art
 Besides the eare, pierceth the very heart ;
 His Spirit it is, and when the other failes
 To rouze the sleepie sinner, this prevailes.
 But if his eares and heart be so fast barr'd
 That neither of these larums will be heard,
 Then sounds a third, God's judgments powring
 down
 Upon his head, and making it ring noone,
 Flashing like lightning, ratling too like thunder,
 Parting his soule and body far asunder.

1. Cf. John v., 25. G.

2. Isaiah LX., 1. G.

Til so from sleep in sin he fal at last
 To sleep in death, and in the grave is cast,
 From which he shall not wake before he heare
 Th' Archangel's dreadful larum in his eare,
 Saying "Arise ye dead, to judgment come,
 And from Christ's mouth receive your final doome."

SCYLLA AND CARYBDIS.¹

 WO gulfs there are 'twixt which 'tis hard
 to sail,
 And not be shipwrackt: here prophane-
 nesse stands
 With all its brood of vices at its tayle,
 There superstition with its numerous bands
 Of false traditions ; 'twas the main intent
 Of our late pilots between both to steere :
 But froward fate to seamen incident,
 Made them mistake their way ; for whiles they
 fear
 To sink into the gulf of superstition,
 They in the gulfe of profanation fal,
 And in the furious heate of opposition
 'Gainst Papists, are like to turn atheists all.

1. Cf. Homer, *Od. xii*, 73 &c., and 235, &c.: read rather Charybdis: Seneca. Ep. 79. G.

So some of th' ancient Fathers in dispute
Against one heresie, did too much bend
Unto another, and their arrow shoot
Besides¹ the mark, thus marre what they would
mend.

But cannot we keep in the middle region
Except we sink too low or soar too high ?
Is there no moderate temper in religion,
But we must either scorch'd or frozen die ?

What hath the Church no habitable part,
Betwixt the torrid and the frozen zone ?
Nor hath the Churchman learnt as yet the art
O'th' moralist, that vertue leans to none

Of the extremes, but in the center lyes ?
So doth religious truth, if we could find
It's track out ; but the fault is in our eyes
That wil not see, or rather in our mind.

That wil not keep the road and safest way
Which by the best and wisest men is gone,
But rather through unbeaten deserts stray,
Which lead to nothing but confusion.

1. Beside, as sometimes for sometime, the use of the latter
by the old Divines tending to excite a smile, e.g. such
and such a fair lady is described as the *sometimes*
virtuous, &c., &c. G.

O God, be Thou our pilot once again,
 Or put some Pharos up, that by the light
 Our ship the Church may saile safe through the
 main,
 And not be swalow'd by these gulfs i' th' night.

UPON LAY-MEN'S PREACHING.

ART thou offended, because thou dost see
 Eldad and Medad both to prophesie
 Within the camp, although they came not
 neer

The tabernacle, nor inable were
 Til th' instant by the Spirit? Do not say,
 Moses forbid them; rather wish and pray
 That all God's people prophets were; for so
 The meekest man on earth Moses did do.
 But when an Ignoramus shall professe
 Himself a prophet, and inspir'd no lesse
 Then Moses and Elias, and pretend
 The Spirit is on him, to no other end
 Then to foment a faction, and decry
 All learning in the University:
 When that mechanick fellows from their trade
 Shall Aaron's office offer to invade,
 And mount the pulpit, publickly expound
 The sacred Scripture, though they have no ground
 For what they say, but meerly what proceeds

From spleen or fancie ; so they sow their weeds
I'th' furrowes of weak hearts, which grow apace,
Choaking the good seed and the herbs of grace
Sowne by the ministers of God before,
'Tis time, high time, that they be bid give o're,
And that with Joshua we cry, ' My Lord
Moses, forbid them to abuse God's Word.'
But if both we and Moses silent are,
And none the madnesse of these prophets dare
Reprove, either the simple asse will do't—
The vulgar sort—and spurne them with his foot,
Scorning to learn of them who nothing know,
But what they bring from shopboard or from
plough,
Or else let them expect their doome to hear
From God's own mouth—which the worst judg-
ment were—
These prophets run, yet them I have not sent ;
I have not spoken to them, yet they went
And prophesied deceits, even in My name ;
I am against them, therefore to their shame,
And wil confound all those that lies do teach ;
No more, my people, do you hear such preach ;
But seek the Word at their mouths who are wel
Train'd up at feet of learn'd Gamaliel,
Elisha's double portion will inherit,
Being call'd both by the Church, and by the Spirit,

Who can, My holy mysteries unfold,
 And forth their treasures bring things new and old,
 Who can confirm their truths by strength of reason
 Mercy and judgment sing, each in their season ;
 That can their several portions give to all,
 Humble the proud, and raise up them that fall ;
 Have milk for babes, and meat for stronger men,
 Can teach both by their preaching and their pen ;
 Prune the luxuriant, prop the weaker plants,
 Have fords for lambs, and depths for elephants.
 The men thus qualified, are those I send,
 To such, and only such you must attend.

UPON THE CONTRARY EFFECTS OF
 TOBACCO IN HIMSELF AND
 HIS FRIEND.



It not wondrous strange that there
 should be
 Such different tempers 'twixt my friend
 and me ?

I burn with heat when I tobacco take,
 But he on th' other side with cold doth shake :
 To both 'tis physick, and like physick works,
 The cause o' th' various operation lurks
 Not in tobacco, which is stil the same,

But in the difference of our bodies frame :
 What's meat to this man, poison is to that,
 And what makes this man lean, makes that man
 fat ;
 What quenches one's thirst, makes another dry ;
 And what makes this man wel, makes that man
 dye.

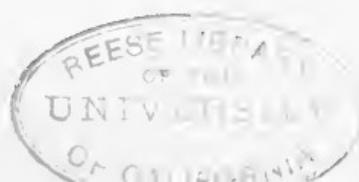
So the same sun we see, hardneth the clay
 By his reflex, but melts the wax away ;
 So the same word of God doth Saul convert,
 And softneth his, but hardneth Pharaoh's heart.
 What ere the difference of our bodies be,
 Lord let the temper of our souls agree,
 That so Thy Word the same effect may have
 On both of us, not to condemne, but save.

UPON A GOOD YEER OF CORN, AND A QUICK HARVEST.

HAVE we not had a fruitful yeer of grain,
 Fair weather too to bring it in amaine ?¹
 And shall we not an offering to Him pay,
 Who gives us richly all things to enjoy ?²
 Did not the heathens shew their thankfulnessse

1. Cf. Shakespere 3 Henry iv., *iv.*, 9. G.

2. 1 Timothy vi., 17. G.



To their corn-goddess Ceres, and expresse
 The same by sacrifices of the best?
 And shal we faile our thanks to manifest
 To our true God, who bears the Christian name?
 O let not us fall short of them for shame!
 But what wil He accept? What shal we bring?
 A sheafe of wheat, or some such trivial thing?
 That were but paying Him in His own coyne,
 A single penny out of His whole mine;
 We should present the best we can devise,
 A reasonable living sacrifice,
 Our souls and bodies purified from sin,
 That, O that's it which He delighteth in;
 That is the corn which angels shal with joy
 Reap, and into God's heavenly barne convey.

UPON HIS WALKING ONE DAY ABROAD,
 WHEN SOMETIMES THE SUN SHONE
 AND SOMETIMES THE WINDE BLEW
 COLD ON HIM.



HIS emblem's forth the world aright,
 Which now shines on me hot and bright,
 Now it blowes cold on me,
 But ne're wil constant be;
 'Tis just like the weather,
 Hot and cold together.

One while it mee with many favours crownes,
Anon it stabs me with as many frownes.

Why do I then my trust put in it,
Seeing it varies every minute ?

I may goe court the moon,
And stop her course, as soon
As bind the world to stay
My faithful friend a day.

If it be so inconstant, I intend
To seek out if I can, a surer friend.

But where is he ? Not here below,
Where sun doth shine, and wind doth blow,
But in the heaven above,
There do I fix my love,
On One that changeth never,
Being the same for ever ;

It is my God who is so fast a friend,
That whom He loves, He loves unto the end.

What though sometimes He seems to frowne,
And with rough winds to blow me down ;
The fault's not His, but mine,
For He would alwaies shine
On me ; 'tis I that change :

My sins make Him look strange ;
Yet under His bent brow I may discover
Some smiling glances which betray a lover,

Shewing that He desires no more
 But that I be as heretofore ;
 For 'tis His only aime,
 To make me stil the same
 To Him, that He may be
 The very same to me.

Lord ! let me Thy unchanging favour find,
 I shall not need the sun, nor fear the wind.

UPON A DREAM THAT HE WAS WRIT-
 ING HIS SERMON-NOTES UPON HIS
 NAKED BREST THAT VERY MORNING
 THAT WAS THE ANNIVERSARY OF
 HIS BAPTISM.

 HAT on the High Priest's brest-plate there
 was wrote
 Urim and Thummim, it was not for nought;
 'Mongst other ends, some thought it did imply
 Soundnesse in's doctrine, in's life sanctity.
 What e're it signified, his lips we know
 With learning should, his heart with grace
 o'reflow ;
 Both which present him fairer farre then all
 The sparkling stones in Aaron's pectoral.
 He of all preachers surely is the best,
 That writes his sermon first on his own brest ;

He prints his notes before he speaks them, who
What e're he teacheth is resolv'd to do
Himself, and thus becomes a double guide,
Doctrines on this, example on that side.
He that hath Esau's hand, and Jacob's voice,
Builds with the one, with th'other he destroyes.
Lord ! Thou didst first imprint Thy law within
The tables of man's heart; and when that sin
Defaced had those characters, Thou then
In stonie tables printedst them again ;
Since they are broken, humbly I implore,
That Thou wouldest write them in my heart once
more,
Ne're to be blotted out, that so I may
Both read them and observe them every day ;
So I Thy holy vessel shall impart
A taste to others, yet within my heart
Retain a savour to myself, and so
That way I point to others, I shall go :
So what Saint Paul strove for I shal enjoy,
Having taught others be no cast-away :
And as Thy law is written in my mind,
So in Thy Book let me not fail to find
My name inscrib'd with Thine own sacred hand,
Which shall indelible for ever stand.
But why upon my christning day this dream
Presented to my fancy ? 'Twas a theam

Fit for the day, for when the soul is made
 Pure by that washing, then a ground is laid
 For God's hand-writing ; 'tis like virgin wax,
 Which only His divine impression lacks.
 My God baptize me once more with Thy blood,
 And since Thou dost not find me, make me good.
 Wash my soul clean, and that I may be knowne
 To be Thy child, O seal me for Thine own.

A SOLILOQUY UPON THE CIRCUMCISION COMMONLY CALLED NEW-YEERS-DAY.



AS'T not enough that God Himself became
 Man like to me, and in all things the same,
 Excepting sin alone ; but He must be
 Under the Law, and circumciz'd for me ?
 O extasie of love ! which for my sake
 The Son of God the Son of man did make ;
 Made Him, an infant, shed some drops of blood,
 As the first-fruits to that more liberal flood
 That flow'd in a ful tyde from every part,
 His hands, His feete, His side, His head, His heart ;
 Whereof a soveraign balme He did compound
 To heale my wounds, and make my sick soul sound.
 What present, O my soul, hast thou to pay
 Thy God ? What New-yeer's gift this New-yeer's
 day ?

Give Him thyself who gave Himself for thee ;
A better offering there cannot be.

Do somewhat like Him too, and circumcise
The foreskin of thy heart ; then sacrifice
Thy purer thoughts to Him, and now begin
This day to live to grace, to dye to sin.

ANOTHER UPON THE RESURRECTION COMMONLY CALLED EASTER DAY.

 HIS day my Lord rose early from the dead,
Whiles I securely sleep in my soft bed,
Not dreaming what He did my soule to save
Which lay long dead and buried in the grave
Of sin. Haste then my soule, and take new breath
From Christ, to raise thee from this spiritual death ;
Up with the break of day, and break thy chains
Made by thy sins, and wash away thy staines
Into that pure fountain which was opened wide,
And runs yet fresh out of thy Saviour's side.
He rising left His grave-clothes all behind,
Do so by thine, and banish from thy mind
All thoughts of putting them on any more,
But rise as gold refinèd from its ore,
Ne're to contract more drosse from earth again :
Clear and unspotted as the light remain ;
So when that Christ to judg the world shall come,

Thou shalt not tremble at the day of doom,
 But boldly stand before the judg, and hear
 The final sentence publisht without fear ;
 To thy eternal comfort He shall say,
 Good servant enter thou thy Master's joy.

A COLLOQUY UPON THE ASCENSION,
 COMMONLY CALLED HOLY THURSDAY.

The Speakers.

ANGELS, CHRIST, APOSTLES.

Angels.

 HO'S this from Edom comes, with garments
 di'd
 From Bozra? ¹ Di'd in blood which from
 His side.

His deer side issued ! Wast not He that late
 But three dayes since was crucif'd ? What state
 He marches in ! The clouds his chariot are,
 And on the wings o'th' wind He rides : 'tis rare

1. Isaiah LXIII, 1. G.

We ne're beheld the like unless it were
When once a fiery chariot did bear
The prophet hither, which we wondred at ;
But this a greater wonder is then that :
That prophet di'd not, but alive was caught
And by the power of God to heaven brought ;
We saw each wheel supported by His hand,
Yea, we assisted by divine command,
By special commission being sent
To wait on him all the way he went.
Besides, when he the heavens mounted had
Amongst his fellow-prophets he was glad
To take his seat; but this man hath the grace
To sit above us all and take His place
At God's right hand, to Him all knees do bow.

Christ.

Cease, cease your wonder, and I'l tell you how
And why this is ; know I am God and man ;
As man I cannot do't, as God I can :
As man I dy'd, and lay three dayes i'th grave,
As God I rose again, mighty to save
Myself and others from death's greedy jawes,
From sins inthrallment and the devil's clawes.
I trod the wine-press of God's wrath alone,
And of the people there was with me none.

I look'd but no man helpt,¹ all from me fled,
 Yet Mine own arm mine enemies conquer'd
 And led captivity captive; now as King
 Of Kings I come salvation for to bring
 Unto my Church, and graces to powr down
 Upon her, and with glories will her crown.
 In the mean time do you descend with speed
 To comfort my disciples at their need,
 Lo at the Mount of Olives yet they stay
 Still looking after me : begone, away.

Apostles.

Oh ! we have lost the sight of Him, no more
 Shall we enjoy His presence as before.
 What will become of us who now are left
 To the wide world, of our dear Lord bereft ?
 O that we had the swift wings of a dove
 To fly unto the bosome of our love ?
 There we should rest securely from all harmes,
 Embracing and embraced in His armes,
 But what is this ? behold another sight,
 Two men or angels rather clad in white.

Angels.

Leave gazing thus ye men of Galilee.

For this same Jesus you shall shortly see
 Returne again in the same manner as
 You now beheld him now to heaven pass ;¹
 He's gone but to prepare for you a place
 Against the time that you have run your race.
 Leave wishing too, for wishes will not raise
 You to the mansions of those endlesse joies
 Where He resides, but let your thoughts all bend
 In heavenly conversation to ascend,
 Follow His holy steps for so you shal
 Have your ascension, bodie, soul, and all

Apostles.

We thank you for your counsel, and obey :
 This having said, they all depart away.
 Th' angels to heaven, th' apostles homeward went,
 Expecting when the Spirit should be sent.
 And they endu'd with power from the Lord
 To save the world by preaching of the word.

UPON ALL-SAINTS DAY.

UCH honour have all the Lord's saints,
 that we
 Keep this day holy to their memorie ;

1. Acts i., 11. G.

And reason good, for they examples are
To us in life and death of vertues rare ;
For though all virtues in some measure met
In all the saints as lines i'th'center, yet
Some special grace in every one did dwel,
Wherein each one the other did excel.

Thus Abram for his faith was most renown'd,
Job for his singular patience was crown'd ;
Moses for meeknesse did all men surpassee,
Elias for his zeale most famous was
David is for an upright heart commended,
Josias for a tender heart transcended
John the Evangelist for charity,
John the Baptist for austerity ;
Saint Paul for his humility surmounted
When chief of sinners he himself accounted,
And least of all th' apostles, though indeed
For pains and parts he did the rest exceed ;
Peter for penitence the prize doth bear,
Who for his sinne shed many a bitter teare.
Now as their life to us serves for a light,
So is their death most precious in God's sight, •
By that we learn to live, by this to die,
By both we come to immortality.
Since then they are such happy guides, wel may
We solemnize at least one annual day
Unto their honour, yet not guiltie be

Of superstition or idolatry.

When we observe this day, we do no more
 Then reverence them as saints, not them adore.
 God's the sole object of our invocation,
 They but the pattern for our imitation ;
 And 'tis our prayer alwaies on this day,
 That we their godly living follow may,
 Til we with them at last come to partake
 Of joyes unspeakeable for Christ, His sake ;
 Whiles thus we celebrate this festival,
 None can us justly superstitious cal.

TO CHRIST.

A POEM OF HUGO GROT[IUS]. SIL. LIB. 1. P. 10.

TRANSLATED.



CHRIST, which art the head of every
 thing,

From whom a better life then this doth

spring ;

Thy Father's measure yet unmeasurèd,
 Whom (whiles that He Himself contemplated
 In His high mind) He streams forth light of light,
 And sees Himself in's equal image bright ;
 Like whom the world, and the world's guardian,
 man,

Was made : but O, he suddenly began

To be rebellious, his high honour lost,
And prest with crimes (which him most dearly
cost)

Becoming guilty of the greatest pain,
In this state lay, and had for ever laine,
But that Thy Father his case pitying, did
Give Thee, who with Himself before wast hid
Under concealèd light ; eternal love
Unto his Church did Him to mercy move.
His truth by dreams He will reveal no more,
Nor visions by His prophets as before ;
But willing now a living Law to make,
And lasting league with men ; lo ! Thou didst take
A mortal body, and a man-like face,
Yet not begot the way of humane race
By filthy lust, but thou conceivèd wast
By power divine born of a virgin chaste ;
Though Thou no purple hadst to cloth Thee, then
Being newly-born, nor bands of armed men
To compass Thee about and be Thy guard,
Yet citizens of heaven keep watch and ward,
And divine anthems sang about thy stal
More royal thus then any prince's hall.
The beasts and shepherds Thee incircled there,
Poor, but far happier then all kings they were
In that they knew Thee ; Thou a new come guest
Wert by Thy heaven, to earth made manifest.

The Magi stood amaz'd, a starre to see
Ne're seen before ; how great, they say, is He
That's born, to honour whom new stars appear !
Yee fierie signes of heaven your light forbear,
Forbeare ye wandring stars, and Charls, his Wayne
To guide the passengers upon the maine,
For through the various waves of things below
And life's uncertainties, this Star doth show
The way, not that which unto Babylon brings,
Proud in the Courts of her Arsacian kings,¹
Nor to the palaces of Tibur stout²
Nor to Jerusalem's turrets, but points out
The cottages of Bethlehem, and the door
Of shepherds' tents ; Jewes seek your King no more
Amongst the cornets and the trumpets sound,
And th' arms wherewith man's furie doth surround
Himself ; ye know not, wretches that ye be
How neer a thing to heaven is povertie !
How sweet to suffer ! tel the Parthians now,
Goe tel the Romans, tel your Herod, how
He'll make the blind to see, the lame to walk,

1.=Of Media Magna. Rhagæ, the capital, having been rebuilt by one of the house of Arsaces was named Arsacia. Cf. Tobit, i. 14, &c. Strabo, *l. c.*; Steph.

B. S. n. G.

1. Tiber = Rome. G.

He'll make the deaf to hear, the dumb to talke,
He'll heal all plagues and sicknesses with ease,
By's word not herbs, and calm the raging seas.
Thousands He will with little food sustain,
Himself long time with none, and raise again
The dead, make wafer wine at His command
And walk upon the sea as on dry land.
Let them whom jewels deck, let martial men
Try if they can perform the like again ;
These my poor Christ can doe, nor doth He cure
Bodies alone, but minds of men make pure,
Purges their brests that are possest with sin,
And heals the plague-sick world which we live in.
Thus a right way He takes, whiles those that stand
And mightie are, He pulls down with His hand ;
Those that are weak and fallen He erects.
But look what stirrs i'th heavens ; what strange
aspects
And strife of things ! whiles so great good in Thee
Is recompenc'd with hateful crueltie ;
Not by the Sythian, or the barbarous men
Of Affrick, or the North Pole citizen,
But by good Abraham's offspring, who alone
Of all the nations was Thy chosen one.
Such mischiefe black ambition can do,
Whilst' being incens'd with pride and hatred too
It rages under faigned piety ;

A simple fate Thou didst not perish by,
 But as a thief Thou didst, though innocent
 To undergoe our sin and punishment.
 The sins of all the world did lye on Thee :
 Since Adam ate of the forbidden tree,
 From that first hour to this they prest Thee all ;
 On us those bonds, on us those blowes should fall,
 Those sharp black thorns should prick our temple
 veins,
 The sergeant¹ should us drag to endlesse pains,
 The nails should pierce our hands, the spear our side,
 And we without delay be crucified :
 But so it did Thy Father please, and Thee,
 To mingle mercy with severity.

BOET[HIUS] MET[RE] 4TH. L. I.
 TRANSLATED.²

HE that lives quiet in a settled state,
 And treads below his feet high-minded fate,
 That either fortune upright can behold

1. Death, as in Shakspere : "This fell sergeant, Death, is strict." (Hamlet v., 2,) Frequent in the later Puritans, e.g. Brooks : "Death every hour lies at the door ; this sergeant constantly attends all men, in all places, companies, changes, and conditions." (Works as before, I., 434.) G.

2. From De Consolatione Philosophiae, as *supra*. G.

With an unpainted face, and courage bold ;
 Not all the raging threats o' th' sea, nor yet
 Vesuvius' smoaking fires when ere they get
 Out of their broken chimneys, nor the bright
 Flashes of lightning which are used to smite
 The highest towers, til to ground they fall,
 Can move this man, or trouble him at all.
 Why doe men so much tyrants rage admire,¹
 Since they want strength unto their fiercee desire ?
 Hope for no good from them, and fear no harm,
 So you their feeble anger shal disarme.
 But he whose fears are great, or hopes are bent
 To what is not his right, nor permanent;
 His buckler casts away, his ground he leaves,
 And to enthrall himself a chaine he weaves.

THE 5TH MET[RE] OF THE SECOND
 BOOK. ²

HE former age, but too much blest
 With fruitful fields, content did rest
 Not with dul luxury yet lost,
 Their hunger staid with little cost;
 A slender chesnut them suffis'd,

1. Wonder at = tremble before. G.

2. As before. G.

They had not yet the way devis'd
To mix live hony with their wine ;
Nor were they grown so proudly fine
In their apparel, as to staine,
White fleeces in a purple graine.
On sallets sup'd, sweet sleep they took,
And drink had from the running brook ;
The lofty pine was then their shade,
Not yet through deep seas did they wade ;
Strange coasts the merchant had not sought
For wares far fetch'd, and deerly bought ;
Then the shril trumpets did not sound,
Nor bitter hatreds then were found
To die their horrid arms with blood ;
For how could fury think it good,
For to make war, when it could see
Nothing but deadly wounds to be
The pay of blood-shed ? O that now
Our much corrupted times knew how
From their ill customes to return
To th' ancient manners ; but they burn
With love of gain, which is so great
It puts down Ætna's fires for heat.
Alas ! who was't that first made bold
To dig those precious perils, gold
And richer jewels, which would fain
Concealèd from our sight have layne ?

UPON THE RIGHT REVEREND AND MOST
LEARNED DR. PRIDEAUX, LATE BISHOP
OF WORCESTER¹.

INCE Prideaux dy'd, farewell the Muses
nine,
Farewell all Learning humane and divine,
For why should we pretend to any part
Of science, when the genius of all art
Lies dead and buryed ? Now to make a verse,
And think therewith to deck his golden hearse,
Were like a boy t' a general's grave that runs,
And shoots off squibs instead of greater guns,
To solemnize his funeral ; 'twould be thought
Done in a jeer, and he be whipt if caught.
Alas ! we cannot speak his praise, for death
E're since it rob'd his body of his breath,
Hath left us speechless : all tongues were his own,
All learned languages to him were known.
He with deep judgment had more authors read
Then others indexes, and might be sed²
To be a living library,³ admir'd
By this last age, and by the next desir'd.

1. That is John Prideaux, b. 1578, d. 1650.

2. 'Said.' G.

3. This was said earlier of Dr. Rainolds, and later of Bishop Reynolds, as of others. G.

The University is in despair¹
 To find a successor like him i'th' chair ;
 His clear decisions he delivered there,
 As oracles divine received were :
 His arguments and answers would admit
 Of no replies, so home, so sure they hit.
 Preferment he ne're sought, it sought him rather,
 First he a Doctor was, and then a Father
 Of this our Church ; we justly mourn his fall
 Who was a bishop-oecumenical
 His diocess of knowledg was so vast,
 That through all the universe it past ;
 Between the Puritane and Papist, he
 Like a strong rock fast fixt was in his see,
 Against both factions he did upright stand
 Inclining not a jot to either hand ;
 But a sound Protestant he liv'd and dy'd,
 One of the learnedst e're was of our side.
 They that lov'd learning and a scholer's name
 Raise pyramids to his immortal fame.²

1. Oxford. G.

2. Cf. Milton's great sonnet :—

‘ What needs my Shakspear for his honowr'd bones,
 The labour of an age in piled stones,
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?’ G.

TO HIS MUCH HONOURED FRIEND AND
KINSMAN, SR. E..... B.....

WERE I to draw Grief's picture to the life,
I'd take't from you now mourning for
your wife :

Armes folded, fixed eyes, and full of tears,
Repeated sighes, neglected cloaths and hairs,
Pale face, no words but what are pumpt by force,
Small difference is betwixt you and a corse.
Sure 'tis not you but your ghost, come to tell
How much you lov'd your lady, and how wel,
That having but one soul between you two,
She being gone, you had no more to do
But vanish strait ; such power hath love to make
An husband pine away for his wife's sake ;
Yet all this but of Grief's the outward part,
I cannot limn the sorrow of your heart,
Nor can I see, nor can yow shew, the pain
And anguish which you inwardly sustain.
Only I can imagine that a flood
Runs from the red sea of your own heart-blood,
That every time a tear falls from your eye,
A crimson drop followes it instantly ;
That every sigh, like to an hollow wind,
Doth but presage a sanguine showre's behind ;
That to your best beloved fain you wou'd

Swim through both rivers, of your tears and blood,
 But stay a little, whiles the furious tide,
 Of your swoln sorrow flowes on every side,
 T' oppose it, were the next way to be drown'd ;
 But when it ebbs you may behold dry ground,
 And walk securely through that sea to th' shoar
 In which you might have been o'rewhelm'd before.
 Heark then, your lady calls to you from far,
 And prayes you turn your grief for her, to care
 Of your deer children, that, as poets fain,¹
 Minerva was the issue of Jove's brain
 Without a mother's help, so they may prove
 The issue of your mind as of your love ;
 Thus for their being and their breeding too,
 They'l owe a double duty unto you.

TO HIS TRULY HONOURED LADY, THE
 LADY R.....

MADAM, though you have many changes seen,
 Yet y'are the same as you have alwayes
 been ;
 Times work no more upon you then upon heav'n,
 In all estates y' are serene and even ;
 Surely Copernicus' opinion's true,

1. 'Feign.' G.

The earth's the only thing that moves, and you
 As being of an heavenly constitution,
 Unshaken stand in all this revolution
 Both in the Church and State; with you it fares
 As with the angels or the fixed stars,
 Which give their light and influence to men,
 Yet are not soiled with their ills agen.
 You are as good and vertuous, nay more
 Religious, since those times, then e're before;
 For though that most grow worse by imitation
 Of th' epidemick sins are now in fashion,
 'Tis contrary with you, who do detest
 All sin the more, the more it is profest;
 And as when heat's with cold environ'd, 'tis
 Hotter by the antiperistasis;
 Just so your piety by opposition
 Of others' wickedness, receives addition.
 And may it still to that degree proceed,
 That you may never more perfection need.

TO THE NOBLE LADY, AND TO HIM
 MUCH ENDEERED, THE LADY M.....
 T.....

 E envy Shropshire now, since it of late
 Doth you impropriate,
 Not letting us have the least share in you,
 To whom a part is due.

We wish your Buckland-house a palace were
 That we might see you there ;
 For since the time that you went hence away,
 We not ourselves enjoy.
 In losing you we lose our better part,
 And now we have no heart.
 Or quick'n us with your presence as before,
 Or else we languish and can live no more.

TO THE NO LESS HONOURED LADY,
 THE LADY P.....

OMEWHAT I owe unto your honoured
 name,
 But cannot pay it, yet you may not blame
 The poet, but yourself as cause of it,
 Since that your worth is far above his wit,
 And either you below yourself must fall,
 Or else want his encomium ; for all
 That he may say or write in your just praise
 Will but eclipse your sun, and cloud its raies.
 'Tis true, he knowes you not—which is his grief—
 But by report, and that hath made you chief
 Of all your sexe ; within your hemisphere
 There's none in competition will appear ;
 Your vertues raise you to so high a state,
 They may admire but hardly imitate.
 You need not blush, as if this were too high ;

To write the truth, I hope's no flatterie.
 Now, madam, if you please to cast a look,
 Or spend some spare time on this little book,
 And in it anything that's good do view,
 Then challenge it, for it belongs to you ;
 What's vain and worthless in it that decline
 And pass it by, I challenge that for mine.¹

TO THE EMINENT SCHOLAR, AND HONOR
 OF OUR CHURCH, DR. HAMMOND.²

LTHOUGH the times forbid you now to
 preach

In publick, yet your learned Writings teach
 Us how to live in these unhappy daies,
 How we should upright walk in slipperie waies.
 You are the Oedipus, and do untie
 The knottiest points in all divinitie.
 Such is the power of your judicious pen,
 It stops the mouthes of all gainsaying men ;
 The Schismatick is routed and undone,

1. There is an echo here of the old ‘Epistles Dedicatory’ of the Puritans. G.
2. Born 1605, Died 1660. By his greatest work, Washbourne doubtless designates the ‘Paraphrases’ of the Old and ‘Annotations upon the New Testament’ begun to be ‘put forth’ in 1653. G.

He flies the field since you the day have won.
 At last your greatest work you have put forth,
 But I'm not able to express its worth,
 So excellent it is, and like good wine
 Commends itself, it needs no bush of mine.
 Go on t' instruct the world, and with your light
 Shine out to guide us in the darkest night
 Of ignorance and error, which will soon
 Unless prevented make us grope at noon.

TO THE TRULY VERTUOUS AND HIS
 MOST ESTEEMED COUSIN, MRS. M.....
 B.....

 LEARNED woman and an humble too
 May for a miracle amongst us go.
 She's mistress of all arts, and of one more,
 To shew so little of so great a store ;
 That woman which hath more then common worth
 Seldom wants tongue enough to set it forth ;
 But she that knowes much with sobrietie,
 Is somewhat like unto the Deitie
 Veild o're with humane flesh, which seems to be
 God manifested, yet a mysterie.
 Much more she is indeed then she'l appear ;
 Her inside's velvet when her outside's hair.
 Like to a vessel full of precious wine,
 Or like unto a rich concealed mine ;

The vessel makes no noise, but pierce it, then
It liquor yields that cheers the heart of men ;
The mine conceal'd, though rich, no profit brings,
But once discovered is a prize for kings.

A miracle, a mistris of all arts,
A mysterie made up of all choice parts,
A vessel fil'd with nectar, a rich mine,
All these you are, though you all these decline.
And make yourself more then yourself to be
By letting us not half your merits see.
Thus Jacob's vision is made good to you :
When e're you sleep, you may the ladder view
Reaching from earth to heaven, made without
hands ;

At foot whereof Humility there stands,
Knowledg above upon the highest round,
All other graces like the angels found
Ascending and descending up and down,
To court you here a-while, and there you crown.
This makes us somewhat jealous, and to fear
Lest by this ladder they attempt to bear
You soon to heaven, and leave us in the night
Of ignorance when we have lost our light.
Stand still in our horizon then, we pray,
Like Joshua's sun, and double make our day ;
For you impart a greater influence here
Then when you shal be fixt i' th' highest sphere.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE
LADY M..... C.....



HEALTH, honour, vertue once combin'd
To make one perfect of the female kind,
At length they met with you, and did
protest

To go no further, but set up their rest
Within your armes: those now that mean to share
In them must borrow what you please to spare:
You superrogate, and there doth lye
Such store of them in your rich treasurie,
That you may well afford so much as will
Some meaner persons in good measure fill.
The after-droppings of a catarackt
Will raise the lesser brooks that water lack't,
The gleanings of your vintage will go neer
To make small vessels run o're once a year.
Thus unto others you enough may give,
Yet in all fulness you yourself may live.

UPON HIS LOSING HIS WAY IN A MIST.



THOUGHT I could not go astray,
So perfectly I knew the way:
Yet in a mist I miss'd it, and
Err'd now on this, now on that hand,
And till the fog was by the sun
Dispell'd, I in a maze did run

And ride as if 'twere fairie ground,
 Or that the Puck had led me round ;
 So whiles I want a heavenly light
 The day's to me as dark as night,
 Which way I go I cannot tell,
 Whether it be towards heaven or hell ;
 But this I know that there is odds,
 I tread the divel's track, not God's ;
 For God's way strait and narrow is,
 The divel's broad and hard to miss ;
 O Sun of righteousness then shine,
 And soon disperse this mist of mine
 Lighten the darkness of my mind,
 That I the way to heaven may find.

TO TWO PARTIES GOING TO LAW
 ABOUT SMALL MATTERS.



BOOK how the steel forceeth with several
 knocks
 Fire from the flint into the tinder box :
 So do you smite each other, till you force
 Gold from your own into the lawyer's purse.
 O how like foes they brawle on either side
 And yet like friends your money they divide,
 Leaving you bare as an anatomy :¹

1. 'Skeleton.' G.

All that you get you may put in your eye,
 And never see the worse ; then take from me
 This counsel freely, and without a fee ;
 Agree between yourselves, and make an end :
 Do you to him, he to you condescend.
 Thus whiles you both unto each other yield.
 You'l both o'recome, and losing, win the field.

TO AN ENVIOUS AND MALICIOUS PERSON.

WHY envi'st thou thy neighbour, can'st thou tel ?

Is 't 'cause in wealth or worth he doth excel ?

That will not make thee richer then thou art,
 Nor him the poorer, but 'twill vex thy heart ;
 That will not make thee better nor him worse,
 But blessing bring on him, on thee a curse.
 Or why malignest thou thine enemy ?

Is't 'cause he hath done thee some injury ?
 That will not mend the matter, but incense
 Him to a second and more high offence,
 Adding of wrong to wrong : O then be wise
 And do him all the good thou can'st devise
 So on his head thou shalt heap coals of fire
 And softly melt his heart to thy desire.
 So maist thou make thy foe to be thy friend,
 And whom thou can'st not break, thus gently bend.

TO THE COMMON DRUNKARD, FALSELY
CALLED A GOOD FELLOW.¹

CANNOT friends meet but they must drink
t' excess?

Must all your mirth conclude in drunken-
ness?

Accurst be he brought it in fashion first;
Before ye were content to quench your thirst,
And not exceed three or four cups at most;
Now you carouse till all your reason's lost,
And like to over-heated Dutch-men, yee
Drink till ye fight, and fall to snicker-snee.
He that invites his friend t' a drunken feast,
Keeps out the man and entertains the beast:
A feast 'tis not, but a base Bacchanal,
Where the beast man, a sacrifice doth fall.
Worse then a beaste he is, for no beast will
Be made to drink a drop more then his fill.
But man his belly makes a tun, his brain
A bog, and drinks till up he comes again.
Vile man, whom God next t' angels did create,
Below a bruit thus to degenerate!
For shame give o're this most unmanlike sin,

1. Cf. Fuller, as before, p. 13. G.

Which too long hath thy daily practise bin,
 Redeem thine honour drown'd in ale and wine,
 And thy soul settled on the lees, refine :
 When thy debauched life thou shalt correct,
 Thou happier daies in England maist expect.

UPON AN OLD MAN HOLDING AN INFANT
 BETWEEN HIS ARMS OF HIS OWN
 BEGETTING.

HERE Nature's contradiction behold,
 The extremity of ages, young and old ;
 The two first books of Moses, Genesis
 And Exodus bound up together 'tis ;
 May sitting in December's lap ; the Spring
 With Autumn joyn'd together in a ring,
 Youth in the bud new started from the womb,
 Shakes hands with age now dropping in the tomb ;
 The world's beginning and the end together,
 The day and night, sunshine and rainy weather,
 Nonage and dotage, generation
 Met with corruption, and the creation
 O'th' child the dissolution proves to be
 O'th' father, who destroy'd himself whiles he
 Begets a son, and like the Phoenix, from
 His dust and ashes doth another come.

TO ONE THAT MARRIED A VERY RICH,
BUT A VERY DEFORMED WOMAN.



HO is't that sayes it was not love
Which you unto this match did move?
'Twas love, but—love of money, sure,
That thus to wed did you allure;
'Twas not the beauty which doth lye
In your wife's¹ cheek, or lip, or eye,
Or any other part that shines,
Save only in her golden mines.
It were the angels² in her chest
That first made love within your brest;
There sit the Cupids, there the Graces
Reside in those red and white faces.
In having one wife you have many,
Each bag a wife is, how then can ye
Chuse but be rich? for such as these
Being put to use will soon increase,
Nor will their beauty fade, for th'are
At fifty more then fifteen, fair,
As pure good mettal, as refin'd

1. Spelled 'wives.' G.

2. Coins so-called, giving frequent occasion for a play on the name, as between the celestial and pecuniary 'angels.' Cf. Glossary *s. v.*, to my Brooks, as before. G.

An age hence, as when they were coin'd,
Provided you keep them in bands
From falling into huckster's hands.
If pleasure be not, profit's in
Your match ; polygamy's no sin,
In a free State, you may be bold
To marry every piece of gold,
Though they so numerous be as will
The Great Turks vast Seraglio fill,
Yet take my counsel, look well to them,
For many chances will undo them ;
They may be call'd by the State,
And valued at a lower rate ;
They may be rounded and defaced,
Or with worse mettal be debased ;
They may perhaps suffer a rape,
Be plundered from you ; should they scape
These accidents, yet wings have they
Like Cupid, and will flee away,
Leaving you little else behind
But your sad choise and sadder mind :
For when your money's gone, your wife
Will stay to vex you all your life.

HIS OPINION CONCERNING DISPUTATIONS IN THE COUNTRY WHERE THE MAJOR PART OF THE AUDITORY ARE ILLITERATE PERSONS.

 IS seldom seen a popular dispute
 Doth any good ; you may perhaps confute
 But not convert a heretick ; he wil—
 Say what you can—hold fast his errour still.¹
 Besides, the vulgar auditors do weigh
 All arguments as their affections sway,
 Not as their reason, and think that the best
 Which with most noise and eagernessee is prest ;
 So they adhere unto the worser side,
 Or go away much more unsatisfi'd
 Then they came there, like some young conjurer's
 spel,
 Raising more divels up then he can quel
 Or lay again ; like bees, the common rout
 Will swarne about your ears and buzzee you out,
 But humme the factions up, and lowdly cry
 On your antagonists side, victory.

1. Thus anticipates the famous couplet of Hudibras :—

‘ A man convinc'd against his will
 Is of the same opinion still.’

Hudibras was not published until 1663, (Part 1st). 1664, (Part 2nd). 1678, (Part 3rd). G.

Forbear then such disputes henceforth to move,
 For fear they should the Churches ruine prove ;
 These points are fitter for the press or Schooles.
 It is the best way not to answer fools
 According to their folly, which will rise
 Higher by opposing, let alone it dies.

UPON HIS LATE AGUE, OR THE NEW
 FEAVER, AS IT WAS CALL'D.

 HAT a strange thing's this ague ? which
 doth make
 Me like an earthquake first with cold to
 shake ;
 Then like Mount Etna burnⁿ with fervent heat,
 And by and by dissolve into a sweat ?
 Sure 'tis some Cacodoemon, by his art
 Insinuating himselfe in every part ;
 Now in the head, then in the back it lies,
 Sometimes i'th' stomach, sometimes in the thighs,
 Now like a souldier whom nothing can fray,
 He sets upon me boldly at mid-day ;
 Then like a thief steals on me late at night,
 Or early e're the approach o' th' morning light.
 Shame of physicians 'tis, for all their tribe
 Cannot a certain remedie prescribe.
 Faustus or some such conjurer would be
 The better doctor in this cure, for he

Might by his magick charms perhaps expel
 This freezing, burning, sweating spirit of hel.
 If then it wil no other way be gone,
 I will turn conjurer, but an holy one,
 And with my prayers to heaven exorcise
 This evil spirit thus : let God arise
 With healing in His wings, and first begin
 To heal my soul's disease and sicknesse, sin,
 Then let this great Physician apply
 A salve to cure my bodie's malady ;
 Thou that didst legion with a word expel,
 But speak the word, Thy servant shall be wel.

THE ACCIDENT.



AS it by negligence or accident,
 That in my sicknesse as my servant went
 To warme my bed, some ashes she let fall ?
 Neither perhaps, but 'twas prophetical,
 Foretelling that I must to ashes turn,
 And shortly be inclosèd in my urne.
 And if that Providenee hath so decreed,
 Welcome i'th' name of God, let Death succeed
 His older brother, Sleep,¹ and then give way

1. ‘How wonderful is Death,

Death and his brother sleep,’

SHELLEY ‘Queen Mab,’ beg^s. G.

To life again, such as the saints enjoy.
 Now on my grave I think, and yet not quake,
 Since thence as from my bed I shal awake ;
 When I lie down in dust I doe not die,
 But take a nap, and rise t' eternity ;
 My soul shall reassume it's dust again,
 And in a blessed union stil remain.

UPON HIS RECOVERY FROM HIS
 AGUE.

 HAT shall I render unto Thee my God ?
 Since Thou hast with Thy rod
 In measure me corrected, to prevent
 A sharper punishment,
 That I may not condemnèd be at last,
 And in the lake of fire and brimstone cast !

Seven violent fits I had, to show that I
 Am mortal, and must die :
 But such was Thy wil, I had no more,
 Thou Lord didst me restore
 To health, and having brought me neer the grave,
 Declaredst then Thy mighty power to save.

How much Thy mercy doth Thy justice passe ?
 A sinful man I was,
 Seven times a day I have offended Thee,
 Yet Thou forgavest me ;

Yea though my sins exceed the stars of heaven,
Yet Thou my plagues reduced hast to seven.

Alas ! all seven doe scarce to one amount ;

Justly I cannot count

Them altogether half a plague, they goe

But for a stroak or so,

And only serve to let me understand

They come not from a Judg, but Father's hand.

A wise and tender Father that doth smite

In mercy not in spite,

Not to avenge Himself, but me t' amend,

Which is the chiefest end

In all His chastisements He will not break

The bruised reed, not quite o'rethrew the weak.

But having humbled him, most gently then

Raiseth him up again.

O Lord ! do so by me, and shew Thy strength

In my weak state at length,

That like a tree on both sides rock't by th' wind,

I may grow strong in body and in mind.

Stronger in both to serve Thee, and to give

Thee thanks that yet I live ;

And let me use this my recovered health,

Not to increase my wealth,

Or spend it on my lust, as is men's fashion,

But to Thy glory and mine own salvation.

UPON A GREAT SHOWRE OF SNOW
THAT FEL ON MAY-DAY, 1654.

NOU that are weather-wise, and pretend to know
 Long time before, when it will rain or snow,
 When 't wil be faire or foul, when hot or cold—
 Here stand and gaze a while, I dare be bold
 To say you never saw the like; nay more,
 You never heard the like of this before.
 Since snow in May, you may hereafter make
 A famous epoch in your almanack.
 Prodigious 'tis, and I begin to fear
 We have mistook the season of the yeer;
 'Tis Winter yet, and this is Christmas day,
 Which we indeed miscal the first of May.
 Summer and Winter now confounded be,
 And we no difference betwixt them see,
 Only the trees are blossomed, and so
 The Glassonbury hawthorn us'd to doe,
 Upon the day of Christ's nativity,
 As Cambden¹ tels in his chorography.
 The youths for cold creep in the chimney's end,
 Who formerly the day did sprightly spend

1. Camden 'The British Pausanias:' the reference is to his 'Britannia Chorographic Descriptio.' Read 'Glastonbury.' G.

In merry May-games ; now they hang the head
And droop, as if they and their sports were dead.
Perhaps some superstitious Cavalier,
That lov'd to keep his Christmas, wil go near
To make an ill interpretation
Of this, and cal't a judgment on the Nation
For our despising of that time and season
Against the ancient custome and right reason,
As he conceives, and since wee'l not allow
One in December w' have a Christmas now.
But wee a better use make of it ;
Though not to our minds the weather fit,
Yet to our soul, convert the same, and thence
Extract this wholesome holy inference.
From this unseasonable change of weather
Without us, what's within us we may gather ;
When in our hearts the Summer should begin,
And graces grow, 'tis Winter by oue sin,
All frost and snow, nothing comes up that's good,
The fruits o' th' Spirit nipt are in the bud.
Our May's turn'd to December, and our sun
Declines before he half his course hath runn.
O Thou the Sun of Righteousnesse ! display
Thy beams of mercy, make it once more May
Within our soules ; let it shine warm and clear,
Producing in us yet a fruitful year.

Let it dissolve our snow into a shou're
 Of hot and penitent tears, which may procure
 A blessing on the Nation, and at last
 A general pardon for all faults are past.

THE CONCLUSION.

TO MY DREAD SOVERAIGNE AND DEER
 MASTER,
 CHRIST JESUS.

KING OF KINGS.

 HOU King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
 I owe myself and all I have to Thee,
 My Muse no tribute now affords,
 But what first comes from Thine own treasurie,
 A leafe of praise
 Is all that I can raise.

And yet that leafe is taken from
 Thy tree of grace Thou graftedst in my heart,
 Accept it then, since it doth come
 From that stock which to me Thou didst impart ;
 It is Thine own,
 To all the world be't known.

I do confesse the ground in which
 'Tis set, if poor, and long hath barren been,
 For how alas! could it be rich,
 When nought but thorns and thistles grew therein?

O let Thy grace
 Above my sins take place,

And in my heart the upper hand
 Let it still have, a happy victorie,
 That I Thy champion may stand
 Undaunted 'gainst all that opposeth Thee :
 So whiles I live,
 I shall Thee praises give.

Or if whiles in this vale I stay,
 To praise Thee will be too hard a thing,
 Then to Thy holy hil convey
 My soul, where I may hallelujahs sing
 In a higher
 And better-tuned quire.



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